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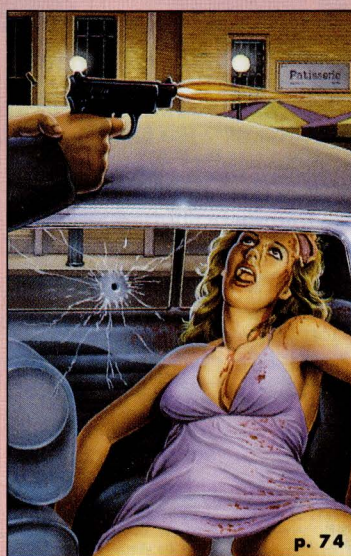
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# PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



## Buy American

**L**ast month I called attention to something that the American workingman knows all too well—the shocking unemployment rate that has become a national catastrophe. Not only does unemployment destroy the lives of those who are out of work, but it also threatens the basic freedoms we cherish so highly. It's a fact of history that dictatorships rise out of the ashes of economic ruins.

In other words, with 12 million Americans out of work and no let-up in sight, the very survival of our democracy is at stake. That's why I'm so outraged at the do-nothing attitude of our so-called government leaders. Let's face it; they'll be playing ice hockey in hell before politicians of either party do anything about unemployment except blame each other.

So it's up to the American people themselves to get the ball rolling. Traditionally in times of trouble, American citizens have banded together and done what they had to do. This is clearly a time of trouble, and once again it's necessary to tap the sense of pride and dedication that has made this country the greatest in the world.

One important thing we all can do is buy products made in the United States. It wasn't so long ago that "Made in America" was a badge of honor—the mark of a good product at a fair price. But now, almost without thinking, we buy Japanese stereos and televisions, Japanese cars and all kinds of other foreign goods.

That money is spent without creating jobs for Americans. Toyota, the Japanese car manufacturer, benefited

from \$4 billion in U.S. sales last year, but doesn't build any cars here and has no plans to ever do so. In fact, almost a full quarter of the cars bought by Americans are made in Japan.

Naturally, some of the blame for that has to go to the American automobile manufacturers, who let the Japanese get ahead of them in design and quality. But I believe that's starting to change. In fact, insurance-industry studies show that late-model American cars are much safer than Japanese imports.

Now, I'm not saying that anybody who doesn't buy 100% American products is unpatriotic. Freedom of choice is every citizen's right. Besides, a healthy world economy is beneficial to the United States.

But the harsh reality is that American factories are operating at only 70% of capacity, while skilled workers who want to help *produce* are wasting away in unemployment lines. To me, that's a national disgrace. We can *do* something about it by buying American. American know-how is still the best in the world; all we have to do is invest in it to get our factories going at peak capacity and all Americans back to work.

The American people—not the government—built this country. Now it's up to the American people to save it.

*Larry Flynt*  
Publisher



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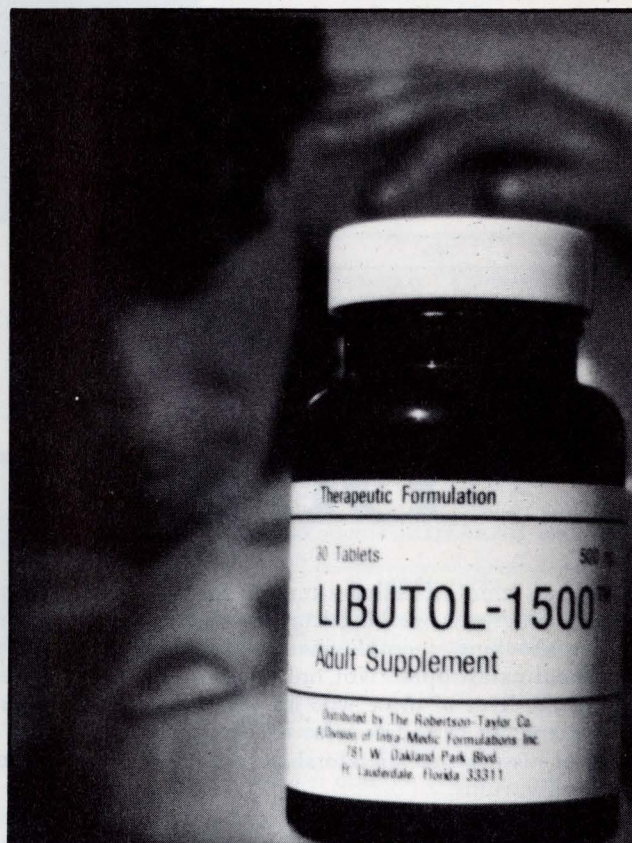
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**H**USTLER writers are truly dedicated. They have to be, because many times their assignments bring them face to face with unpleasant realities.

For example, **BOB ALLEN** is a longtime Southerner who especially enjoys writing about that part of the country. But while researching for this month's feature, **IMPOVERISHED AMERICANS: A FIRSTHAND REPORT**, he was shocked at the widespread poverty, malnutrition and underdevelopment of that area known as Appalachia. Although his previous articles for HUSTLER have dealt with such subjects as coal mining and bluegrass music, returning to this destitute region in the southeastern United States was an unforgettable experience for the seasoned journalist. A former senior editor at *Nashville!* magazine, the award-winning Allen has also written for CHIC, *Esquire*, *Rolling Stone* and *Genesis*.

The accompanying photographs are by **DREW LEVITON**, a talented freelance photographer who was born, raised and still lives in Atlanta, Georgia. Leviton says that his familiarity with the South gave him an advantage in capturing Appalachia on film. "I've seen this kind of poverty before," he told us. "A lot of people didn't want to be photographed, and you can't blame them. It's very distressing." Leviton's credits include such national publications as *Money*, *Time*, *People* and *Life*.

A striking contrast to the impoverished families of Appalachia is the millionaire owner of the New York Yankees. In this month's profile, **GEORGE STEINBRENNER: THE MOST AWESOME MAN IN BASEBALL?**, **BEN PESTA** takes a revealing look at the tyrannical Yankee boss, who's had as much success making enemies as his team has had winning ballgames. Pesta, whose work has appeared numerous times in HUSTLER as well as in countless other publications, is a voracious fan of our national pastime. "There's something fascinating about megalomaniacs in sports," he says, "and old George is one of the best examples."

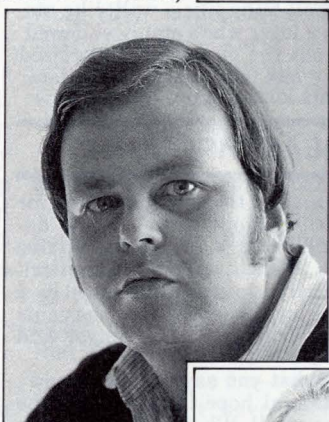
We jump from the peanut shells of Yankee Stadium to the



Bob Allen



Drew Leviton



Ben Pesta



Dr. Peter Wisniewski



Suzie Randall

cultured boulevards of the City of Lights with our March fiction, **DANGER IN PARIS**. In this James Bondish thriller about a slick British secret agent, **MICHAEL BURREN** paints a vivid picture of the world's most infamous city. When not traveling to the Far East, Africa or Australia, this accomplished "man of the world" divides his time between Europe and California, writing for the likes of *Harper's* and *Variety*. He's presently working on his sixth novel, a detective story set in southern France.

The growing popularity of such sexual games as domination and flagellation has brought with it a mounting concern for personal safety. This month's *Sex Play*, **SEXUAL INJURIES**, probes the do's and don'ts of kinky sex. When HUSTLER newcomer **DR. PETER WISNIEWSKI** noticed a rising incidence in the number of sex-related injuries among his patients, he decided to write about the risky games people play. With the capable help of journalist **HOLLY SMITH**, Wisniewski draws on his experience as a physician to tell you how to have safe and healthy sex.

Bright, young freelance artist **DAVE ERRAMOUSPE** provided the *Sex Play* art. Recently graduated from Utah State University with a degree in illustration, Erramouspe has begun his artistic career in fine style. This marks his third contribution to HUSTLER already, and we'll bet not his last.

As always, our pictorials are colorful visions of sensuous beauty and fantasy. This month we're proud to have a pair of enticing layouts shot by veteran photographer **SUZIE RANDALL**. In **KITTY: SADDLE TRAMP** and **NAVAL MANEUVERS**, Randall displays the erotic expertise that has placed her among the top photographers in the adult-entertainment industry. A onetime *Playboy* staffer, Randall left that publication for HUSTLER in 1977 because it would not publish her most explicit Playmate shots. Of course, no restraints were put on her here, and she remained at HUSTLER until choosing to go freelance in 1980. Born in England, Randall makes her home in Southern California.

In a land where harsh realities are balanced by beautiful fantasies, only HUSTLER brings you the best of *both* worlds. 🌐



John Holmes Offers...

# HOPE FOR SMALL MEN

## The Incredible John Holmes Super Pump Has Helped Thousands Of Men To Overcome The Problems And Insecurities Of A Penis That Is Too Small!



**Our Annie** knows men! She understands the complex problems "small" men can have, especially when they're about to perform with a woman.

Annie recommends the fabulous John Holmes Super Pump. Why? Let Annie tell you, in her own way, in this frankly fictitious interview with porn's incredible Mr. Stud. This dramatization shows an answer *you* may have been searching for.

**Annie:** Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

**Mr. Stud:** Actually, no, Annie. I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

**Annie:** What did you do? How did you overcome it?

**Mr. Stud:** I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

**Annie:** I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

**Mr. Stud:** I've heard it both ways, Annie. That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

**Annie:** Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

**Mr. Stud:** That's great, Annie, if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

### BREAKTHROUGH

**Annie:** Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, *but* already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis *can* be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

**Mr. Stud:** If what you say is true, Annie, then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

### THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

**Annie:** Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and it's safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!



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**Who's Who?** After discussing the December 1982 issue of HUSTLER, my friends and I have come to a disagreement. They insist that the woman on the cover appears in *Tana: An Affair to Remember* in the same issue. I say they're two different women. They look totally different in my opinion, except for the fact that they have the same hair color.

Don't get me wrong. Tana and the covergirl are gorgeous; they just aren't the same woman. Could you help us in our quest for the identities of these sensuous ladies? —Name and Address Withheld by Request

*You're right. They're not the same girl. But HUSTLER's December 1982 covergirl posed for a full pictorial in the May 1980 issue of our sister publication CHIC. The pictorial she posed in was called Glenda.*

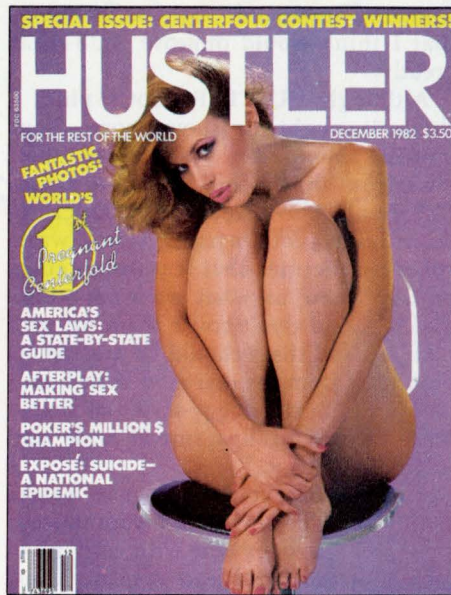
**Bad Moon Rising:** Your December 1982 issue was *fantastic*! I don't think I've ever purchased a more satisfying issue of HUSTLER.

Best of all was *Bad Moon Rising*. I loved it! These man/woman photo-sets are what I think HUSTLER is best at. Other magazines feature hot, wet fucking duos, but I think HUSTLER really has a knack for them. They're what keep me coming back to HUSTLER again and again. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

I must compliment you on your pictorial *Bad Moon Rising* in the December 1982 issue. This was the first newsstand-magazine pictorial I've seen that had a photo which implied real insertion. I look forward to the day when you will be able to show actual insertion in a vagina or mouth, and maybe even a cli-



*Bad Moon Rising*



max. Now that would be a real stroke-book! It's so tiresome to see pictures of guys holding limp dicks inches away from their target. Whenever mine gets that close to a warm pussy or mouth, you can bet that it's stiff—not limp as a wet noodle. —Jason Richards Fort Barnwell, North Carolina

**Marlene:** My very special thanks to you for that very special centerfold in your December 1982 issue. I wholeheartedly agree with the selection of *Marlene* as your Centerfold of the Year. I also agree that it was entirely appropriate that she should be photographed just as she happened to be—very pregnant.

She couldn't have been more beautiful. I thought the photographs were delightful, and I hope that you print my letter and that she reads it so she'll know how much I enjoyed them.

—David Rugby  
Idaho Falls, Idaho

The December 1982 HUSTLER will go down in history as a masterpiece. Pregnant *Marlene's* centerfold spread is a real winner that will be hard to beat for years to come.

My thanks to HUSTLER and to *Marlene* for a photo-layout that is superhuman, superfine and an exquisite piece of art. Please do a before-and-after pregnancy layout of *Marlene* in a future issue of HUSTLER.

HUSTLER has shown that all women are beautiful, no matter their size or weight or shape, and they've done it in their own, warm way. —Ron S. Indianapolis, Indiana

I want to tell you what an excellent job I think you did with your December

1982 centerfold, *Marlene: Special Delivery*. I am a father of two who's been married for three years, and my wife has been pregnant much of the time. Nothing in this world is sexier than a mother-to-be. Keep up the good work, and I hope to see more mothers-to-be in future issues of HUSTLER. —Don Parker Ferndale, Washington

You've done it again! HUSTLER's December 1982 centerfold (*Marlene: Special Delivery*) was your best in years! *Marlene* is certainly the most curvaceous Honey ever to grace your pages!

I would like to make a suggestion: Why not run a follow-up pictorial/article? You could have before-and-after photographs of *Marlene* (possibly with her new baby).

"The World's First Pregnant Centerfold" is just another example of HUSTLER's trendsetting style. It only proves (once again) that your magazine is definitely head and shoulders above all your competition.

—William R. Masters  
Caldwell, West Virginia

I am writing in reference to your December 1982 centerfold. I and many



*Marlene: Special Delivery*

loyal HUSTLER readers felt that your pregnant centerfold was grotesque and in bad taste. Have you run out of beautiful women, and are you using expectant mothers as a gimmick to sell your magazine? —John N. Hine Mount Pleasant, Michigan

**Hot Feet:** I buy HUSTLER faithfully every month. But your December 1982 issue left me totally frustrated. In *Tana:*



*An Affair to Remember* and *Bad Moon Rising* you screwed up the photos by cropping out the soles of the women's feet! One reason I buy your magazine is to see clear pictures of women's feet. How can I play with my wienie if you don't show what I like?

—A. D.  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

*Don't despair. Shoeless Kitty, our Saddle Tramp in this issue, bares plenty of sole starting on page 41.*

**Do They or Not?** In regard to the subject of boy/girl pictorials, I have a question I've been meaning to ask you for a long time. Do the people in these boy/girl layouts engage in actual intercourse during their shootings? I don't see how they can help it. If I got as close to that blond model in *Bad Moon Rising* as her partner is in the picture that shows her legs wrapped around his waist, I'd have to fuck that fantastic cunt. I would also lick that delicious thing for hours without tiring of it. So do they or not?

—Buddy O'Neal  
Oxford, Mississippi

*We'll never tell. Some things are best left to the imagination.*

**Photo Ideas:** HUSTLER is the best men's magazine on newsstand shelves.

Every month, it features great articles, excellent humor and lots of beautiful women. I have some requests, however, that I think would improve HUSTLER greatly.

Although HUSTLER shows pink, I think it ought to show more. Your models should not just spread their outer cunt lips to show their inner lips, but should also reveal the entrances to their juicy, hot vaginas. Don't waste space on pictures that feature no cunts or tits. Show us what we want—pink and tits, and don't cover them up with clothes. And there should be more shots of models from the rear—on their hands and knees in the doggy-style position—with their cunt lips spread wide and vaginas showing.

I also think you should not feature more men. The only cock I want to see is the one I screw my wife with, and use to jack off with when I read your magazine!

—J. D.  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

*We're passing along your suggestions to our Photo Department.*

When I read your November 1982 issue, I was really pissed off. The layout of Sir Dame, the hermaphrodite, really sucked. This layout consisted of the grossest photographs ever to appear

on the pages of your usually beautiful magazine. Don't keep up the shitty work.

—Richard Mars  
APO New York

**Suicide Aftermath:** I am writing in regard to your article *Suicide: National Epidemic* (December 1982). The last page of this article discussed in detail the circumstances of Coast Guardsman Robert John Byther's death. Robert Byther was my brother.

The article was well written, and author Robert McGarvey revealed the motives and circumstances of my brother's death in a most professional and impartial manner. In a 19-page letter that my brother wrote and left behind for his family and the media, he indicated that it was his last wish that his story be printed, read and, most of all, *remembered*. Mr. McGarvey has helped to fulfill that request, and for that I and my family thank him.

—Cynthia Byther Kutasy  
Long Beach, California

**Hard Truth:** I found your December 1982 *Publisher's Statement*, "The Hard Truth," refreshingly to the point and uncompromising. I am impressed with Althea Flynt's no-bullshit attitude concerning the public's response to your David Duke interview (HUSTLER, September 1982).

I firmly agree that the only positive way to deal with racism is to thoroughly expose and confront it. I salute HUSTLER, for it is one of the few publications with the guts to do this. I feel you were really practicing what you are preaching when you printed so many racist letters responding to the Duke interview in December's *Feedback*.

One particularly good example of this was a letter from a narrow-minded bigot named Bob Wright, who made brilliantly conflicting statements like "I don't consider myself a racist, but I think it's time we white folks stuck together." My reply to men like Wright and David Duke is this: Instead of just "white folks" sticking together, how about *all* folks trying to live, work and learn together peacefully?

Ignorance about bigotry is just as damaging to our society as bigoted attitudes are. So keep printing the "Hard Truth," HUSTLER.

—Darrell Thomas  
Queens, New York

**Assholes:** I feel your choice of Menachem Begin for Asshole of the Month in your January 1983 issue was a very poor one. Prime Minister Begin is a strong, determined leader faced with a multitude of equally determined and

# CHIC



★ CHIC's March centerfold, BRIDGET, is the perfect Valentine treat—a sweet and passionate HEARTTHROB. Then tune in to ANDREA, a fiery female guitarist who finds erotic satisfaction in PLAYING AROUND. And in another dazzling layout, a hot couple move into HIGH GEAR inside their sports car.

★ What really goes on during an obscenity trial? Professor Charles White's account of his role in a small-town trial of an X-rated version of *Alice in Wonderland* reveals what a mockery of justice these prosecutions create. This on-the-scene report of sex on trial is a real eye-opener.

★ Most Americans think of Mexico as just a nice warm vacation spot. But Tom Moran's chilling revelations of political repression and government-sponsored torture unveil shocking truths about the dark reality south of our border.

★ Women aren't the only victims of rape. Francesca Porter's SEX LIFE explores how rape affects the victims' mates, and offers practical advice on how to deal with the emotional anguish it causes.

★ Plus, CLOSE-UP features an intimate interview with a hooker. In SHARK BAIT, a thrilling adventure tale, two men and one beautiful woman are pitted against nature's most efficient killing machine. Bill Cantrell's DOPE column explores the hazards of MDA—a powerful hallucinogen that some say is an aphrodisiac. TRIVIA TRIP and MUSIC NOTES offer tantalizing tidbits of information, and ODDS & ENDS' hilarity will take your mind off the serious side of life.

**MARCH ISSUE ON SALE NOW!**





Collins



violent opponents—not the least of which is the international press. Perhaps Mr. Begin's plight would be better understood if we considered what the President of the United States would do if a foreign terrorist organization took over northern Mexico. I seriously doubt that the U.S. government would be criticized for sending the Army in to eliminate the terrorists and return the territory to the Mexican people.

This is exactly what Mr. Begin is trying to accomplish in his efforts to rid the Lebanese of the PLO and Syrian influence. And he is totally justified in doing so.

—S. Nelson  
Aurora, Colorado

I must say Bonnie Klein really deserved to be named your December 1982 Asshole of the Month. She is very unfair to imply that all men who like to look at pornography are deranged sex maniacs. Men who are sexually deranged have problems with their own mental health, and we shouldn't blame pornography for some men's mental problems.

There are plenty of red-blooded, perfectly normal American men and women who enjoy pornography. The women who agree to pose for erotic photos know perfectly well that their pictures will be seen by millions of people. If that's the way they choose to

make a living, what gives Bonnie Klein the right to tell them it's wrong?

A lot of men, such as my husband, enjoy pornography and have satisfying sex lives at home. When he starts to get tired of looking at nude female bodies, then I'll start to worry. An erotic fascination with the naked human body does not make a person a sex fiend.

Tell Ms. Klein that a good eight inches of healthy male would probably open her eyes!

—L. L. Wright  
Hammon, Oklahoma

After reading your November 1982 *Asshole of the Month* column, I can only say this: Now that Phyllis Schlafly has helped defeat the Equal Rights Amendment, it's good to know she's taken on a new opponent nearer to her own stature, herpes.

—Warren O. Stiles  
Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina

**Rave Review:** As an avid fan of the rock group the Doors, I would like to thank Theodore Sturgeon for his excellent review of Frank Lisciandro's book *Jim Morrison: An Hour for Magic*, which appeared in your December 1982 issue. I look forward to your book reviews each month, and I think it's one of the best sections in HUSTLER.

—Mike Kruslicky  
Jim Thorpe, Pennsylvania

**Bravo for B&P:** This is the first letter I've ever written to a magazine. I just wanted to say that "One for the Road," in your December 1982 *Bits & Pieces*, was truly spectacular. In fact, I think your entire *Bits & Pieces* section is always great. Anyone who puts HUSTLER down should be made Asshole of the Month.

—Keith S. Kinan  
Niagara Falls, New York

**Gigolo Joy:** This letter is in response to Rita Green's *Sex Play* "Gigolos: Males for Sale" (HUSTLER, July 1982). I enjoyed Ms. Green's article very much because it showed that HUSTLER is the number-one sex magazine in the world and that it features the best writers in the world. Your *Sex Play* was obviously written by an intelligent person who cares about her work.

I should know. I was a gigolo myself in California up until a few months ago, and I worked in many of the locations Ms. Green mentioned in her article, including Bel-Air and Beverly Hills. "Gigolos" not only was well written but also quite accurate.

—R. C. W.  
Salisbury, North Carolina

**Wacky Ripoff?** I just purchased THE WACKY HUMOR OF J. KOHL, and I thought it was a ripoff. If this book hadn't come wrapped in cellophane, I never would have bought it. Since it cost over \$5, I felt it should have contained twice as many cartoons as it did.

—George M. Luther Sr.  
Fairborn, Ohio

For the record, THE WACKY HUMOR OF J. KOHL contains 222 cartoons.

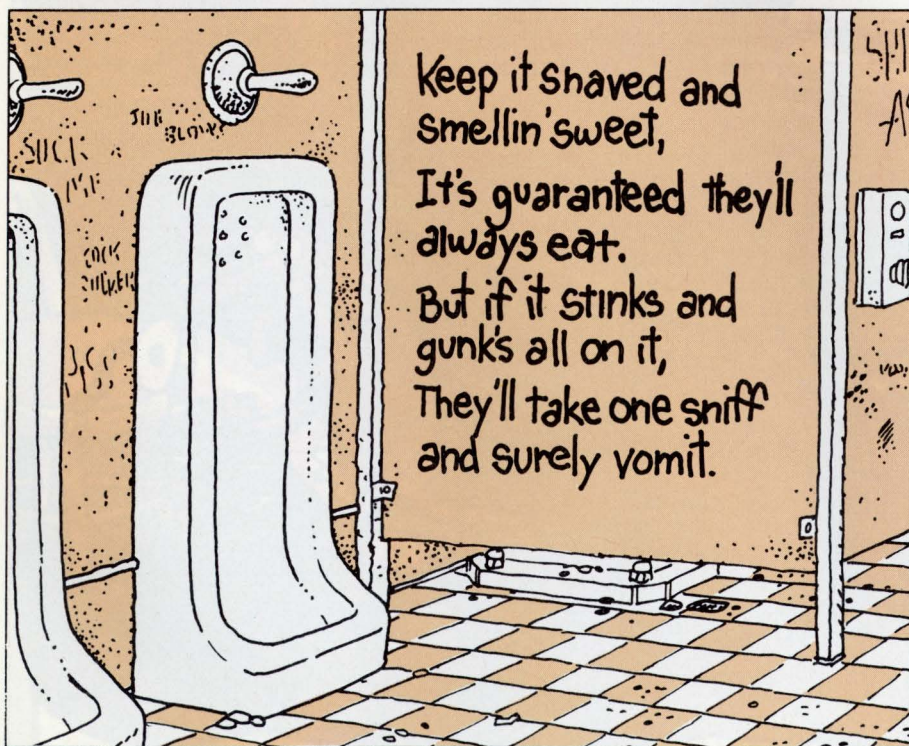
**Ad Hypocrisy?** HUSTLER advertises many companies that sell ripoff products, such as lookalike drugs, phone sex and penis enlargers. I think that's cool. If someone is stupid enough to send for that crap, he deserves what he gets. Your publication has always stated that people should be able to read and buy what they want. After all, they're intelligent enough to make decisions for themselves, right?

My question is, why won't you print cigarette ads? If your readers are smart enough to decide whether or not to buy a phony penis enlarger, then why shouldn't they be able to make up their minds about smoking? It sounds pretty blatantly hypocritical to me.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

We don't censor cigarette ads. Cigarette companies choose not to advertise in HUSTLER because we so often print the truth about the dangers of smoking. 🐷

# GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and \$25 to D.K., Upper Sandusky, Ohio



# World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

The Social Security Administration has announced that children who kill their parents will no longer be eligible to collect survivors' benefits. The ruling was made after Health and Human Services Secretary Richard S. Schweiker learned that a California youth who murdered his mother and sister five years ago had been awarded \$26,000 in benefits upon his parole by the California Youth Authority. And in yet another case a youth who killed his father in 1977 had collected more than \$8,000 in benefits.

A Louisville, Kentucky, woman pleaded guilty to adding a powerful laxative to her husband's vitamin capsules every day for three months in order to make him ill. Paula Ward told the judge she'd hoped her husband's illness would prompt his family to offer financial assistance. She was arrested after her husband, Charles, was hospitalized repeatedly for chronic diarrhea, dizziness and blackouts. "All I expected was to get some money to get caught up on the mortgage payments," she said. "I was afraid to tell Charles we were behind."

Inspired by the television show "M\*A\*S\*H," the Iowa Beer and Liquor Control Department has stocked its state liquor stores with intravenous bottles filled with 80-proof vodka. The bottles, reminiscent of those used in the character Hawkeye's makeshift still, will cost \$19.90 and come complete with metal stand, dispensing equipment and the M\*A\*S\*H name. "It's a novelty thing," says Rolland Gallagher, director of the department. With state liquor sales down due to the recession, Gallagher is hoping the new bottles will generate "a little excitement in the department."

Narcotics agents rescued Eve, a specially trained chimpanzee at the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago, from two kidnappers who allegedly planned to use her in a drug scheme. Edward Glick and Alfred LaDoux, characterized by police as known "drug dealers," were arrested by agents while trying to take the animal in a foot locker from a glass cage at the children's zoo. Commander Lawrence Forberg of the narcotics organized-crime division theorized that the two men "may have thought they could train the chimp to be a courier in drug trafficking."

A 24-year-old Chinese medical student who drowned in a vat of human excrement has become a national hero in the People's Republic of China. Chinese newspapers have been devoting full pages to photos, diaries and school reports of Zhang Hua, who was overcome by methane gas and then drowned while rescuing an elderly peasant who had fallen into the vat. Chinese officials hope that Zhang's heroism will become a model for others.

An English bishop has declared that expecting complete fidelity during marriage is "the worst kind of perfectionism." Writing in his church journal, Dr. John Taylor, Anglican bishop of Winchester, stated it is likely couples will cheat on each other over a lifetime of marriage together and to "suggest that this is the one unforgivable sin against the relationship is quite unreal." The bishop went on to say that many other failures are harder to forgive, "especially the sin of putting the other person down."

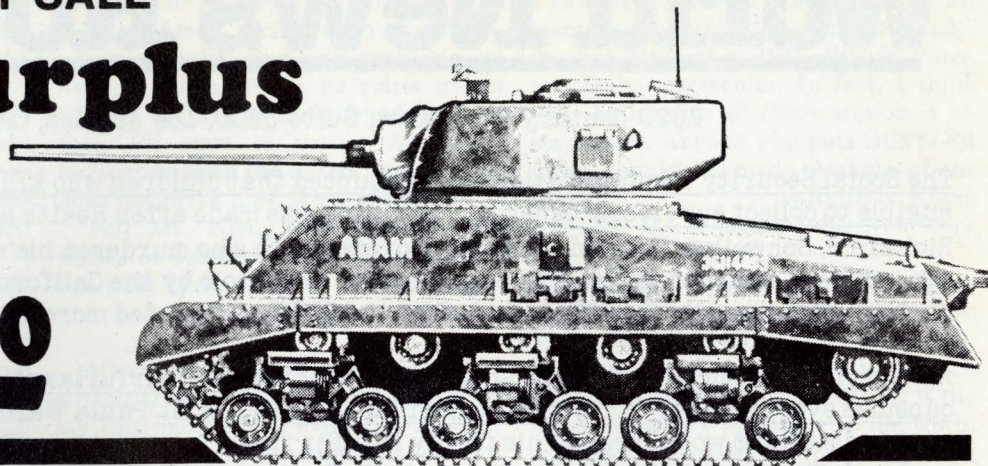
A New Jersey woman has been reunited with her estranged husband after being found guilty of conspiring to murder him. Twenty-six-year-old Debbie Finerfrock had paid a hitman to kill her husband, Harry Bozarth, while the two were still separated. Luckily for Bozarth, the hired killer turned out to be an undercover policeman who was assigned to the case after friends alerted authorities to Finerfrock's plans. Moments after she was convicted of conspiracy to commit murder in a Camden County courthouse, the two walked out arm in arm. Said Bozarth: "I love her. Why not?"

A San Diego judge has awarded \$261,752 to a woman who was injured when a friend's pistol discharged while he was mooning the camera during a group photo. The suit, filed by Elaine Cunningham, stemmed from an April 19, 1981, incident at a picnic involving her and Timothy Chandler. After one of the female picnickers suggested Cunningham take a group picture of the men, Chandler jokingly dropped his pants. The .44-caliber revolver he'd been carrying in his belt fell to the ground and went off. The resulting photograph, entered into evidence, shows Chandler bent over, his pants down around his ankles, and Cunningham with her mouth agape and her eyes shut, having just been shot. 🐼



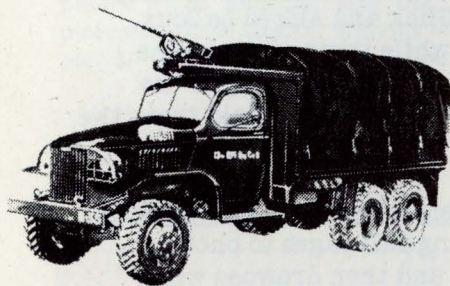
## SURPLUS EQUIPMENT SALE

# Army Surplus Tank \$182<sup>00</sup>



### Buy Surplus Army Equipment Cheaply

You can purchase surplus equipment at U.S. Gov't official sales. These sales are held nationwide and at Army bases all over the world. You can purchase anything from a Tank to a T-Shirt at these sales.



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At a recent sale some of the items sold for:

Jeeps .....	\$24.65
Tanks .....	182.00
M-16 Rifles .....	4.80
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Armored Cars .....	86.50
Pickup Trucks .....	17.30
T-Shirts .....	.08
Helmets .....	.31
Colt 45's .....	2.60
Grenades .....	.46
Piper Cub planes ...	940.00
Radar Sets .....	11.35
Filing Cabinets .....	3.70

and thousands of other bargains

### All Merchandise In Good Working Condition

At these Surplus Sales, the Gov't certifies that all the equipment is in good working condition — items that do not work are sold as scrap for the value of the material. The tank shown above cost \$262,000 for the U.S. Gov't. to buy — but sold for only \$182!

### Buy Surplus Military Or Non-Military Equipment

To purchase military items you must be a U.S. Citizen over 18 years of age. There is always a

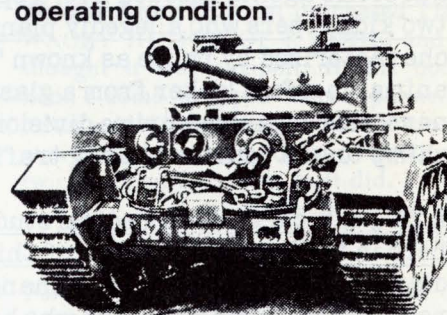


ARMORED CAR — \$86.50

wide assortment of guns, tanks, rifles, etc. available for sale. Or you could buy non-military items such as desks, file cabinets, IBM electric typewriters, beds, kitchen equipment — for your own use (or for resale to others). Thousands of people have taken advantage of these good buys.

### Brand New Surplus Sales Manuals Available

You can buy at these surplus sales from the comfort of your own home — even though you may be thousands of miles away as every item is fully described as to condition. Many of the items will have dents, scratches and some rust marks — but will be in good operating condition.



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*Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.*

**Edited by Walter Arenstein**

**Exercise and Sex:** My husband and I have started running a lot and playing tennis. Some of the people we've met in these activities talk about how much their sex lives have improved since they started exercising. Is this a myth, or is there really some connection? —B. A. Mahwah, New Jersey

*In recent years, with participant sports gaining popularity, a great deal of talk has been generated about the relationship between physical exercise and sexual desire. Naturally, just getting in better shape through exercising is going to improve a person's sex life. But a recent study has shown that there is a fairly solid connection between exercise and the desire to have sex.*

*David Frauman of Ohio University's department of psychology scientifically surveyed 244 men and women and found that "increased time spent in physical exercise was associated with a higher reported frequency of desired sexual activity."*

*The study did not suggest any reasons for this relationship. Instead, Frauman noted that "research is needed to sort out the possible physiological, psychological and social correlates of the relationship between physical exercise and sexual activity."*

**Slow Erection:** I am 54 years old, and my wife is 46. We still have an active sex life. In fact, my wife says it has never been better. One thing worries me though. It seems to be taking me longer to get it up. Is anything wrong with me?

—M. B.  
Columbus, Ohio

*Absolutely not. According to The Human Body, a book by the Diagram Group, "The physical degeneration of aging naturally slows down the processes of sex. Semen production, erection and ejaculation all take more time and more stimulation." This usually starts happening about age 50, and progresses on into the 60s and 70s.*

*Your ability to please your wife should remain the same. As a matter of fact, some men report that as they get older, their erections last longer. Doctors believe this is because of a slight reduction in the intensity of sexual response. It's also a result of the coital experience obtained over the years.*

*Remember, sex isn't a speed contest. Relax, take your time, and enjoy your sex life.*

**Vibrator Addiction?** I recently purchased a vibrator for my wife. Since then she has been masturbating more than usual, and she always uses the vibrator. My friends have told me that vibrators can be addicting and that prolonged use can make women prefer a gadget to a real man. Is this true? —L. A. Salt Lake City, Utah

*Any experience that is enjoyable can become habitual, but vibrators are not addictive nor do they preclude good old-fashioned human lovemaking.*

*All orgasms are different; so the sensations your wife is experiencing with her vibrator are probably very different from the ones she enjoys with you. This doesn't mean that she's going to replace you with a piece of plastic and a couple of batteries. It simply means variety is the spice of life.*

*Philip X, the author of The Toys of Sex, said, "I have no illusions about the similarities between real flesh and good plastic. . . . But through the use of an inanimate object and a little imagination, you can have a pretty fulfilling lay."*

*Possibly, those predisposed to copping out of real human lovemaking and social interaction might take advantage of a vibrator to*

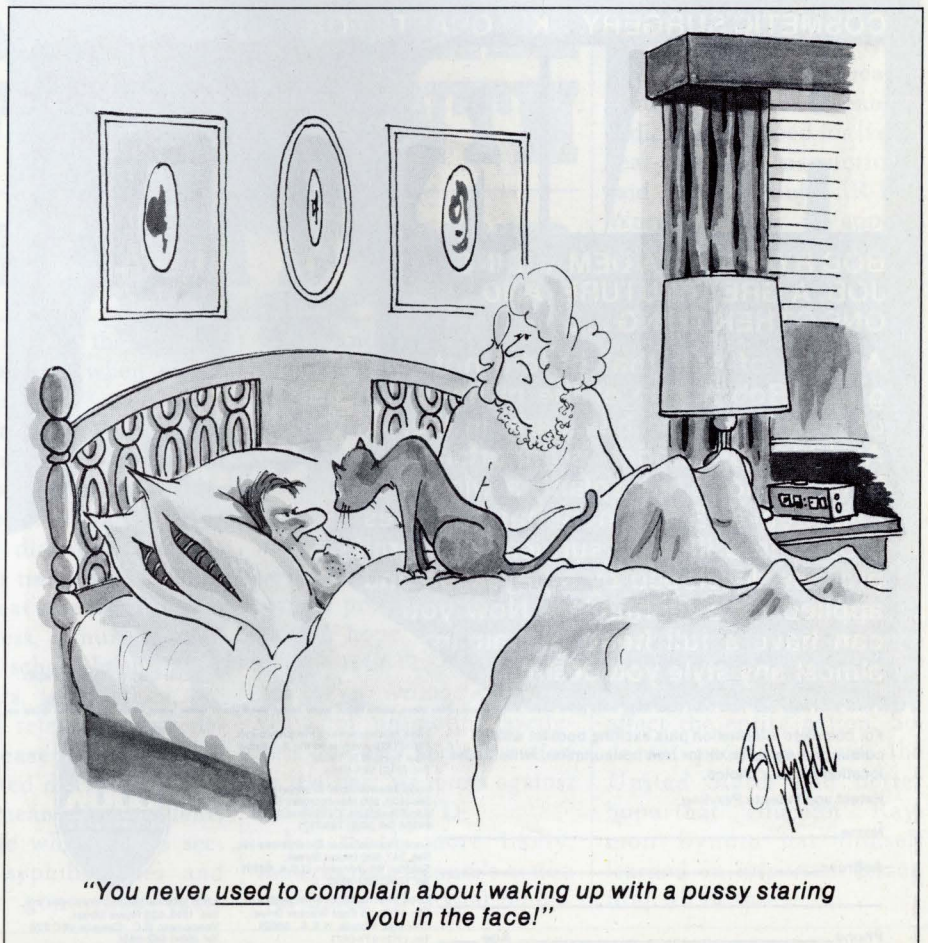
*totally replace instead of just enhance a human sexual relationship. But in those rare cases the problem goes deeper than a mere sex toy.*

*Your best bet is to let your wife have fun with her vibrator. In fact, you might consider using it when making love to her. Viewing vibrators as sexual aids—their intended function—instead of as competitors may help the two of you find a pleasurable addition to your sex lives.*

**Anal Stimulation:** My boyfriend likes me to put my finger up his rectum when I have oral sex with him. He says it gives him a tremendous orgasm. Why is this true? Is this safe? —A. M. Tucson, Arizona

*Anal stimulation is a little-understood form of erotic pleasure. For the male it is especially enjoyable because the prostate gland, which is adjacent to the rectum, can be stimulated. The prostate's secretions comprise the bulk of a man's semen.*

*Alice Kahn Ladas, Beverly Whipple and Dr. John D. Perry, authors of the current best-seller The G Spot (reviewed on page 28 of this issue), claim that men may have two types of orgasms, one triggered by the penis and one by manipulation of the prostate. So genital or oral sex accompanied by stimulation of the prostate could be producing the*





double treat, the "tremendous orgasm" your boyfriend speaks so highly of.

Stimulation of the prostate gland in this way is safe as long as it is gentle. Care should be taken to trim fingernails, however, to prevent infection that could occur from scratching the intestinal lining.

**Vasectomy and Ejaculation:** I've heard that men who've undergone a vasectomy can still have erections and orgasms but cannot ejaculate. I'm wondering if that's true.

—J. V.  
Boulder, Colorado

*It's not. Men who undergo vasectomies have erections, orgasms and ejaculations; so the vasectomy should have no effect on their sex lives at all. When a vasectomy is performed, the vasa deferentia, which carry sperm from the testicles toward the penis, are cut and sealed off. This prevents the sperm from reaching the penis. Sperm makes up only 1% of the ejaculate. The rest is fluid from the seminal vesicles and prostate gland, which are unaffected by the vasectomy.*

According to Dr. Michael Carrera, author of *Sex: The Facts, the Acts and Your Feelings*, "You will get erections as before; you will ejaculate as before; you will feel all you felt before. Desire and performance are in no way reduced. The only difference is that you cannot cause a pregnancy, because your semen no longer contains sperm."

**Honeymoon Over:** My wife and I have been married a little more than a year now, and although we are very happy, we have sex less often than we did when we were first married. Is something wrong with our relationship?

—J. F.  
New York, New York

*The decrease in the number of times you and your wife are having sex seems to be perfectly normal. A study conducted by Dr. William James of the University College London in London, England, showed that there was a substantial decline in sex rates of couples during the first year of marriage. The decline was especially significant for couples who had no premarital sex. The rate of sex for couples studied was only about half as high after a year of marriage as it was in the first month of marriage. After the first year there is generally a slower rate of decline.*

*Don't worry about having sex less often; it seems to be a normal result of marriage.*

**Herpes on the Brain?** A friend of mine, who is 21, has contracted herpes. When he went to the doctor to find out more about it, he was told that while herpes is usually not life-threatening, it could lead to encephalitis. What is encephalitis, and can herpes really cause it?

—D. W.  
Oceanside, California

Encephalitis is an inflammation of the brain. Of the many causes of the disorder, herpes is one. Herpes-induced encephalitis may cause fever, headache, nausea, vomiting, paralysis, loss of consciousness, convulsive seizures and even death.

Most of the time the herpes virus is confined to the lower spine. But during its "active" periods it travels through the nervous system into other areas of the body, usually the genitals. Occasionally, however, the virus will move into the brain. Scientists aren't sure why the virus does this, but when it does, herpes encephalitis can be the result.

Herpes-induced encephalitis is unpredictable. Researchers still don't know why some herpes sufferers get encephalitis, and not others. Also, this form of encephalitis can strike at almost any time; a victim may suffer several herpes attacks over the years and get only surface sores. But the next active phase could bring on encephalitis.

Only a very low percentage of herpes sufferers contract encephalitis. But thanks to the rampant growth of herpes, it is now a major cause.

**IUDs and Aspirin:** My girlfriend is going to start using an IUD for birth control. That has started an argument between us, because she insists that she read somewhere about aspirin being harmful to IUD users. I say that's ridiculous. Who wins?

—K. H.  
Houston, Texas

*She does. The "harm" that aspirin can cause is a decrease in the effectiveness of the intra-uterine device, or IUD. According to a recent issue of Modern Medicine, women who regularly use a lot of aspirin to relieve pain are more likely to have a "failure"—that is, an unwanted pregnancy even with an IUD—than those who use little or no aspirin.*

*This is because an IUD works in two ways to prevent conception. The device itself physically prevents any fertilized egg from implanting itself in the uterus. But furthermore, the local irritation caused by the IUD prompts the body to produce a natural substance called prostaglandin. This substance also prevents fertilized eggs from settling down in the uterus. That double-whammy is what makes IUDs usually so effective.*

*New research has shown, however, that aspirin interferes with the chemical effect of prostaglandin. That, of course, decreases the effectiveness of an IUD, sometimes enough to allow pregnancy. So your girlfriend would be wise to cut down on her aspirin use if she's going to depend on an IUD for contraception. She should also keep in mind that many pain relievers and other over-the-counter medications contain aspirin, even though it's not readily apparent from the labels.*

*Finally, even nonaspirin analgesics (such as Motrin, Nalfon, Tolectin, etc.) tend to decrease the effectiveness of prostaglandin.*

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# Bits & Pieces

**E**verybody knows they grow 'em big down in Texas—and most of the time that's all well and good. But unfortunately, the word *big* comes right before the word *asshole* in the case of certain people from the Lone Star State. There aren't many bigger ones than Raymon Bynum, HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for March.

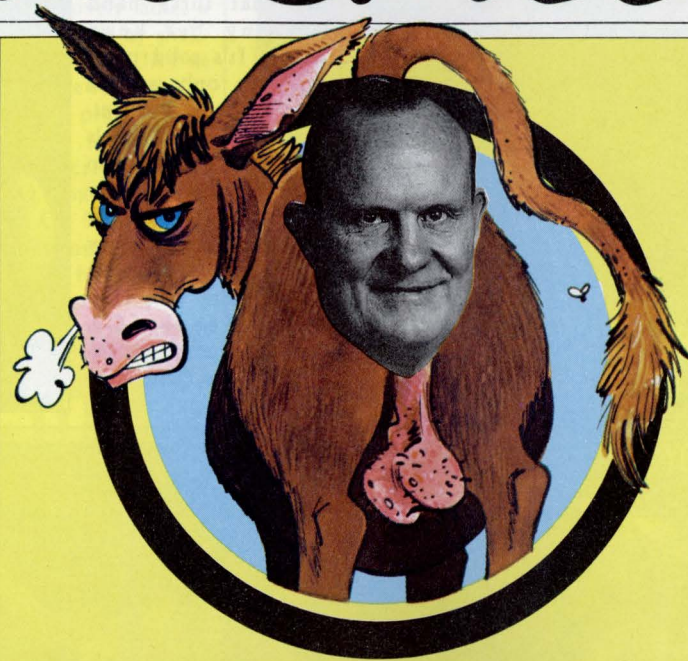
As the commissioner of education, Bynum is the top-ranking public-schools administrator in Texas. But lately, he's been using that position to promote some outrageously rotten judgments and dangerously arrogant acts of censorship. The victims are young people—not just in Texas but throughout the country.

First of all, Bynum banned the dictionary from Texas schools. That's right! Just more than a year ago he convinced the state's board of education not to acquire any more new dictionaries because the ones submitted contained some so-called dirty words.

How saintly of the good commissioner to show such concern for the sensitive ears of modern youth. But who does he think he's kidding? No right-minded adult can truly believe that kids aren't going to know about off-color language.

So how can anybody justifiably depriving students of up-to-date dictionaries just because the new ones are complete enough to include age-old curses? For crying out loud, all a dictionary does is *list* and explain words, not promote their use.

As the president of the Texas State Teachers Association said in opposing By-



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Raymon Bynum

num, it defeats the purpose of dictionaries when words students hear aren't included in them.

Bynum's lame foray into dictionary censorship is small potatoes compared to what he did a few months ago. This time, in one of history's great displays of short-sightedness, Bynum wrote a letter to school health-book publishers, telling them "to delete all references to venereal disease and sexually transmitted diseases."

This means that students in a state which ranks second in syphilis cases and 12th in gonorrhea cases

would not be given the slightest clue in their health studies that these diseases even *exist*.

Maybe Bynum was on to a revolutionary cure for a national epidemic. Maybe his motive was based on a discovery that the solution to a serious problem is to ignore it and hope it goes away. Maybe HUSTLER Magazine has been wrong all these years for promoting awareness, honesty and education as the best weapons against the horrors of VD.

It's much more likely, though, that Bynum's action was based on sexual repres-

sion. Why else would his aide explain the move by saying, "The bottom-line issue is, when you're talking about sexually transmitted diseases, you're relating it to 'How do you get it?'" In other words, heaven forbid that schoolchildren even become aware of *sex*!

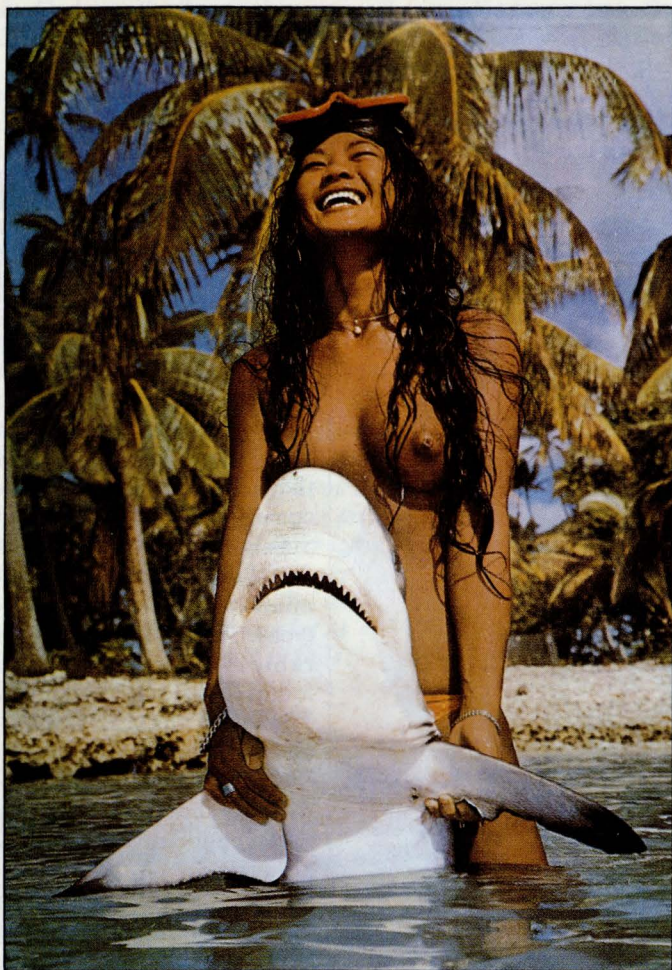
Sane people have to wonder about this education administrator. He would increase textbook emphasis on rabies—which has been found in a grand total of *two* Texans in the last *decade*—and omit any reference to VD, which reportedly victimizes about one in four schoolchildren before they graduate.

One of Bynum's critics on the issue is a state senator who chairs a subcommittee on public health and welfare. "Uniform testimony from health educators around the state repeatedly indicated the need for [venereal-disease] instruction," said Betty Andujar (R-Fort Worth). "Now it appears that one man has dictated that his own views should prevail over the genuine needs of the community."

Fortunately, an overwhelming number of Texas educators didn't stand for that and forced Bynum to reverse his decision. That happy ending to the story is good news for more than just students in the Lone Star State.

Because Texas is such a large buyer of textbooks, decisions made there generally affect the entire nation. So, decent people all over the United States had better hope that "educator" Raymon Bynum has himself learned an important lesson from all of this.





## Say "Jaws"!

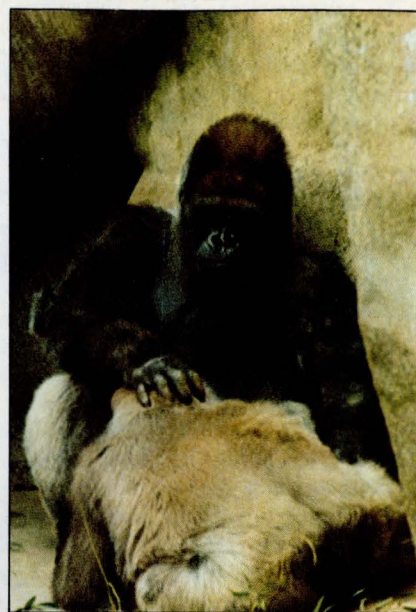
And you thought sharks were dangerous! Look how cute and cuddly they are! This astounding poster by photographer Roberto Merlo (C.D.P.E. Posters, Torino, Italy) really makes you want to dive into the Pacific

Ocean and look for a Great White to play with, doesn't it?

The way we look at it, would this topless Polynesian beauty risk an instant double mastectomy unless the shark in her arms were a lovable, harmless, misunderstood creature of the deep? Or maybe dead.

## Gorillust

This touching photo strengthens the belief that modern man descended from the apes. See that furry hand pushing her head down? It's solid proof that not only are all men animals, but *animals* can be animals too. This shot is also available as a poster for \$3.95 plus \$1.50 for shipping from Cherry Arts (1050 Aviation Blvd., Suite 106, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254). A great gift for guys who go "ape" over head.



## One Hump or Two?

Here's a steamy fashion idea we dreamed up for girls who are always getting into hot water—a tea shirt. Do you and your partner enjoy long, sensual sessions in the bath? Now you can relax afterward and have a cup of hot tea without leaving the tub!

The possibilities for this flow-thru garment are endless, but we do suggest avoiding one thing: Don't get a tea shirt for an ugly woman. All you've got then is a tea bag.

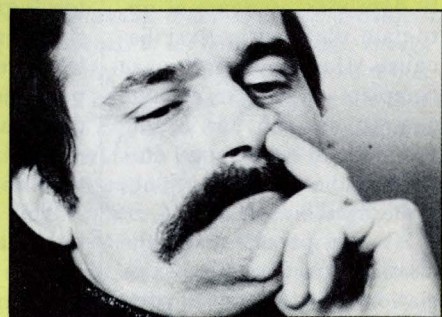
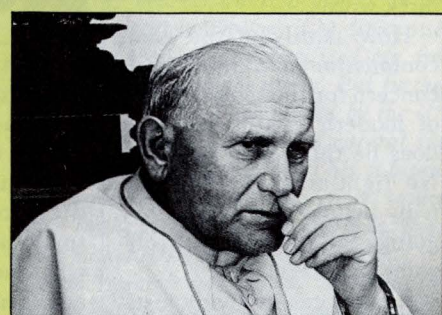
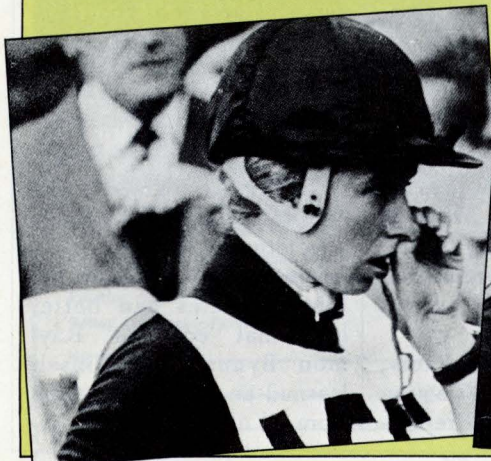


## Winners by a Nose

We all know that even the biggest celebrities and world leaders fart, piss and, yes, pick their noses. Not each other's, of course, but their own—and usually in privacy. We

say "usually," because the French magazine *Photo*, in its continuing effort to bring the public candid shots

of the world's shakers and movers, recently ran these great photos. We expected as much of the Polish pope (top right) and Poland's labor leader Lech Walesa (bottom right), but Britain's Princess Anne (below)? What's she looking for... a polo pony?





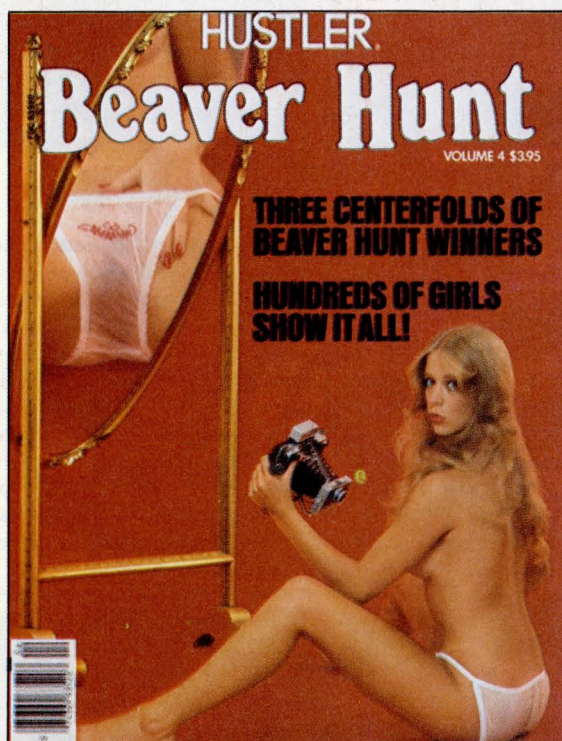
# Beaver Bonanza

Beaver maniacs, rejoice! It's that time of year when HUSTLER gives you an entire book devoted to the housewives, mothers and daughters who are willing to spread their goodwill for all the world to see—BEAVER HUNT.

Volume Four of this annual Beaver book extravaganza contains *all-new* photographs and three centerfold-style pictorials of *Beaver Hunt* winners. These women were hot

and anxious enough to send us their nude photos; so don't let them go away unsatisfied.

Give the lovely ladies a good, hard look by picking up BEAVER HUNT at your local newsstand. Or send \$3.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). You just never know when the boss's wife might pop up.



## Scared Cents-less!

Friday the 13th is a scary date. But for sheer gut-wrenching and pocket-emptying terror, *no* date beats *April the 15th*! If Hollywood is looking for the ultimate in horror scenes, all some enterprising filmmaker has to do is put a few cameras in the post of-

fice at midnight on the last day of income-tax filing. Ax-murderers have nothing on those grim guys who slice into our salaries every year. No wonder the government calls April the 15th a tax *deadline*—it scares most Americans to death!

## Favorable Hearing

Blind justice isn't always bad. Take the case of the video-club owners busted in Puerto Rico for renting obscene "hard-core triple X" videocassettes. They were found innocent by a *blind* judge. It's true. District Judge Pedro Salamo made a decision after listening to the soundtrack and having various sex scenes described to him in detail. He was surprised that the undercover agent who made the arrests actually found the cassettes arousing to the point of erection. We suppose the judge doesn't go for dirty talk in bed either.





# Tight Pussies

This is what guys go out looking for in pickup bars? These are the furry things some men prefer to dive their cocks into? They've got to be kidding!

We'd rather eat lunch out of a litter box than put our genitals in there. Who wants to wake up the next morning in bed with a cat that's suffering from a hangover? All things considered, we'd rather go home with a dog.



# Best Little Investment in Nevada

Want to buy an honest-to-goodness (maybe "goodness" is the wrong word) whorehouse? Well, First Marin Realty of Mill Valley, California, has three you can pick from. The company is asking \$800,000 each (or \$600,000 if you pay cash), and the brothels are all in Nevada, where prostitution is legal in certain counties.

One of the pay-for-play estates is about an hour's drive from Reno and comes complete with "career women... three maids... an airstrip... a sadomasochism room" and "a big kitchen." Good thing. The girls are going to work up a big appetite earning back the new owner's investment. Seems economy-proof too. Brothel customers usually don't mind the effects of inflation.



# Grab Your Joystick

If you can untangle the kids from the controls of Atari's household video-game system, you might get a crack at some new game cartridges that are just for adults. Marketed under the Mystique Presents Swedish Erotica brand, *Custer's Revenge* (screen graphic above), *Bachelor Party* and *Beat 'Em & Eat 'Em* are the first three sex-oriented Atari-compatible video games to be distributed through regu-

lar, commercial outlets. The controversial game themes of scoring with an unwilling Indian maiden, getting laid at your bachelor party and eating a soda jerk's ice-cream cone (this one's for the ladies) should bring home the frustrations of everyday sexual encounters very nicely. For \$49.95 a pop, it's comforting to know that even if you can't beat the game, you can always beat off.

# It's Crude!

Here's a quick tip for all you inexperienced guys out there. When you're in bed with a girl, and she asks you to rub oil all over her body—don't use Quaker State 30-weight. This photo, sent by a reader who's experimenting with body painting, should give you a pretty fair idea how revolting the results of using the wrong type of massage oil could be. The only time we can imagine it might come in handy is if it's not the bed that's squeaking.







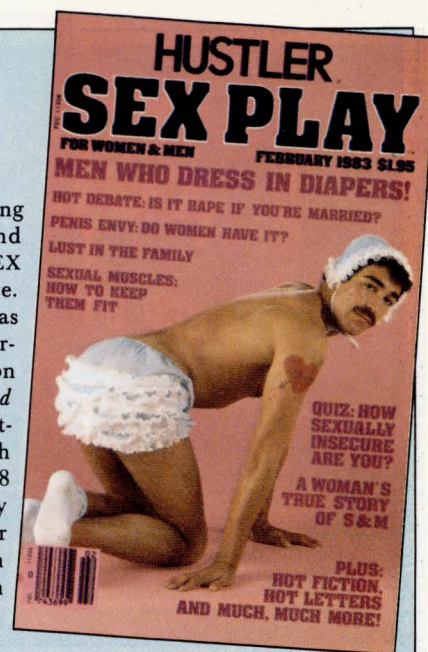
## Priscilla Barnes Nude!

Before she replaced Suzanne Somers on *Three's Company*, Priscilla Barnes did some work in films that was apparently *au naturel*. In these scenes from *Delta Fox*—an R-rated action flick—we see a topless Priscilla being pounced on by her lucky male lead. In a separate shot (un-

fortunately dim), we see her outdoors wearing only her birthday suit. Were the film's producers aware of what a hot property they had disrobing before their cameras? Like Ms. Somers, Priscilla obviously felt she had nothing to hide in the early days of her career.

## It's Your "Play"

If you were too busy checking DeLoreans for leftovers and somehow missed the first SEX PLAY, here's another chance. The *second* fabulous issue has the answers to your most personal questions, the latest on what's happening in male and female sexuality, plus the hottest readers' letters ever. Watch for it or subscribe for only \$18 a year! Send a check, money order or your MasterCard or Visa number (and expiration date) to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



## Screwing in a Lightbulb

You've probably heard all the variations on the "How many *whatevers* does it take to screw in a lightbulb?" jokes. We have too. But nobody's given us a straight

answer on "How many people does it take to *screw* in a lightbulb?" So we checked it out and found the answer: only two. If the lightbulb's big enough.







## Bringing the War Home

The Vietnamese government's decision to send American soldiers the results of their sexual escapades sheds a new light on military dolls like GI Joe. To continue the realism that toymakers strive to achieve, Joe needs a couple of new characters in his playset. There's Mai Son, the starving unwanted Amerasian

child Joe left behind; and Mai's mother, No Luc, the Vietnamese hooker. And what about the romantic pickup bar where Mai Son's mom and dad met? If manufacturers made war toys like these, children would learn there are more responsibilities in war than just killing the enemy.



## Building a Better Mermaid

Mermaids are fabled symbols of sexuality. But the way they're built, what can you actually *do* with one? All you get is a quick feel, and then you've got to throw her back into the water before she dries out and curls up like a corn chip.

If the writers of ancient mythology had wanted to create a truly practical half-woman/half-fish, they would have described her like the one we've presented here—with the top of a fish and the *bottom* of a female human.

The only problem we can imagine with this is that an age-old dilemma for men might be compounded. With this sort of anatomy, a woman would end up smelling the same at both ends.

## Sexpo '82

It was billed as "the year's most exciting happening." But Sexpo '82 turned out to be the year's shortest happening. After one day the "World's Fair of Erotica"—scheduled as a four-day adult-entertainment exposition—was shut down. Not by the police (who, you can see, turned out in droves); not by the small gaggle of Women Against Pornography (who, you can also see, blamed totally uninvolved HUSTLER for everything but the nuclear-arms race) . . . but by the landlord. After the first night, when certain X-rated videotape dealers were reportedly busted, the landlord of the rented hall apparently developed cold feet, and he locked the Sexpo '82 people out. Does this sort of thing happen to the Shriners?



New York's finest keep the peace.



Women Against Porn does its bit.



Porn star Tiffany Clark meets the press inside Sexpo.

## Pot Bust

Looking for something to liven up your plant nursery? What could be better than a flowerpot that looks as though it could nurse?

It's shaped like a pair of big tits and is available for about \$20 from Pleasure Chest Sales Ltd. (20 W. 20th St., New York, NY 10011). Finally, a pot that turns you on without being illegal.





## Snake Charmer

We all know the story about the Garden of Eden. But what if Eve had decided to skip Adam's apple and go straight for the snake instead?

Tune in to next month's issue for an unbelievably hot photo-layout featuring one of HUSTLER's most arousing temptresses yet and the wriggling pet of her dreams. The sight of them slithering around together before the HUSTLER cameras is enough to make Cleopatra wish she'd gotten to know her asp a little better before it bit her.

This outstanding pictorial is one of a kind and guaranteed to charm the snake right out of your pants! Don't miss it!



## HUSTLER Update

**DARRELL WALTRIP**  
March '82

In our profile of Waltrip, the youngest stock-car driver ever

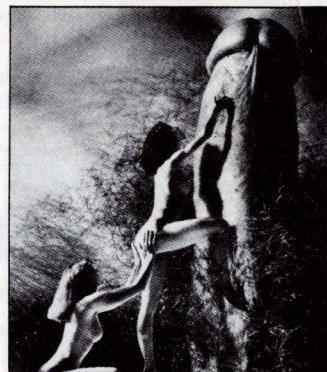


to pass the \$2-million mark in career earnings, we called him "the fiercest competitor in the nation's number-two spectator sport" and predicted, "He will dominate major NASCAR races for years to come." Bearing out our forecast, Waltrip edged out rival Bobby Allison once again to win the grueling 30-race Winston Cup for 1982. He came in third in the final race—the Winston Western 500K at California's Riverside International Raceway—but that gave him enough points (his total: 4,489) to nab both the cup and nearly \$200,000 in winnings.

**YOU ARE BEING POISONED!**

February '81

Warning that "deadly chemicals are everywhere" in the United States, HUSTLER's exposé cited *dioxin*, used in Agent Orange and other herbicides. We noted that if it was ingested, "three ounces would be enough to kill a million people." An estimated 130 pounds of it is buried at Love Canal, the New York chemical-dump site whose poisons forced the evacuation of an entire neighborhood. Now the presence of dioxin is suspected at 25 to 50 locations in Missouri—in some cases at levels *higher* than Love Canal's—and 48 pounds of it is missing after a trip across that state. Meanwhile, the Environmental Defense Fund has called the Reagan Administration's response to the dioxin problem so inadequate as to be "repugnant."



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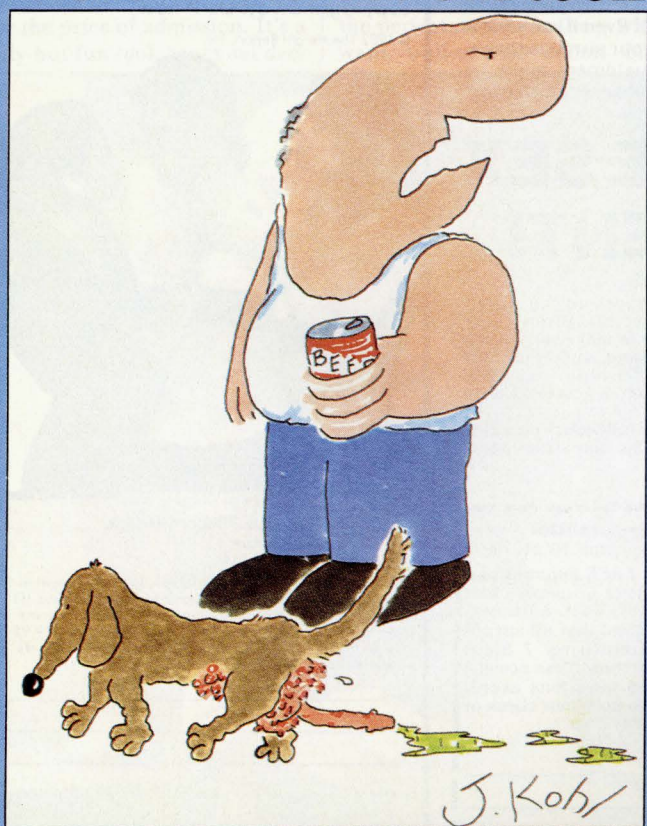
## Mount Neverest

This is not an outtake from *The Amazing Colossal Dick*. It's another bizarre photo-trick from the gang at the Rockshots card company (51 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10010). These guys are definitely approaching the peak of their careers.

## Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for *Bits & Pieces* items (or \$50 if two or more submissions are used in one B&P item). Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For March, \$150 goes to R. T. Edwards, K. Hyder and C. DiSalvo.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Harriet! Have you been fucking the dog?"



# Get Any Girl Within 5 Minutes and PAY NOTHING!



## My 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control will have you Scoring at work, at parties, even on the street!

It's true! 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control gives you 7 simple principles any man can learn in just ONE HOUR! And you can put Psychic Mind Control to work for you immediately! These 7 principles guide you step by step until YOU find yourself meeting loads of women...the ones you only dreamed of being with before. And they will want you. You will turn them on. And you will be confident you can do it every time!



### It Works Within 5 Minutes!

Knowing you will have such success with beautiful women will change your entire life. Really, it doesn't matter how well or how poorly you've done with women in the past. In fact, it doesn't even matter why. Once you use these 7 steps, you can look for the most outrageous dream girl possible—and she'll be yours within 5 minutes!

Sound impossible? Here is just one of the testimonials to the power of 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control from J.M. in Madison, Conn.:

*"I'm not what you would call handsome, but I have a good sense of humor. Somehow, I was never able to get that date I really wanted or to score with the really beautiful women who turned me on.*

*"Your 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control has given me powers I never knew I could have with women. I don't worry about dates anymore. If I don't have one, I know I can get one at a moment's notice. Now, I'm surrounded by beautiful women all the time.*

*"What's even more amazing is I hardly ever worry about sex anymore. I know I'm going to get more than my share and it would amaze you if you knew how many really sexy ladies ask ME to sleep with THEM now!*

*"Honestly, it would be hard for me to thank you enough!"*

### Turn Women Into Putty

The results enjoyed by J.M. can be YOURS! And it's so simple. Doctors know we use only 10% of our brainpower. 90% of our mental strength lies untapped. I will show you how to harness just that extra bit to get that "edge," and use it to turn women into putty. You will approach women differently than ever before. You will be confident of success with ANY woman you desire!

Just read these 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control and give it a try. After your first few conquests, women will think you've always had this gift. Sometimes when you use the powers of Psychic Mind Control you won't have to say a

thing. She will feel it, be moved by it, and SHE will approach YOU as if your thoughts were her desires.

My 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control gets right to the point, giving you an easy method for getting the girls you've always wanted...no matter where they are, no matter when. So, live out your fantasies, while your friends beg you for the secret! Take your first step to scoring with beautiful women, today. Order now!

### Let Us Take the Risk!

Just fill out the coupon below and postdate your check for 30 days from today! You'll pay nothing now (not for 30 days), but we will send you 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control. NOW! Try it. Use it. Approach any woman you desire. That's right. ANY woman.

If for any reason you're not delighted with the results, send it back. We will return your check or money order UNCASHED! Even if you send it back later we'll still refund your purchase price. Thousands of satisfied customers make us bold enough to offer you this super guarantee!



## FREE SEX SCENT!

Potent-8 is a unique fragrance that contains male pheromones (sexual attractants) whose aroma works subconsciously to make you appear more attractive, more impressive, and even more desirable to women. It's really scientific sex appeal! And, it'll help you to start a spontaneous reaction in any woman you desire.

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Please rush my 7 Steps plus FREE Potent-8 in a plain wrapper. I enclose my check or money order for \$10 plus \$1 p&h (Total: \$11.00. N.Y. & Ct. residents add sales tax). I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return my 7 Steps within 30 days for a prompt refund (less postage and handling, of course), no questions asked.  
☐ Check here if you want us to hold your check or money order uncashed for 30 days.

Mr. Mrs.  
Ms. Miss \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(277P)

# Are You Too Short?

**"You can add 2-4 inches in  
10 weeks or less!"**

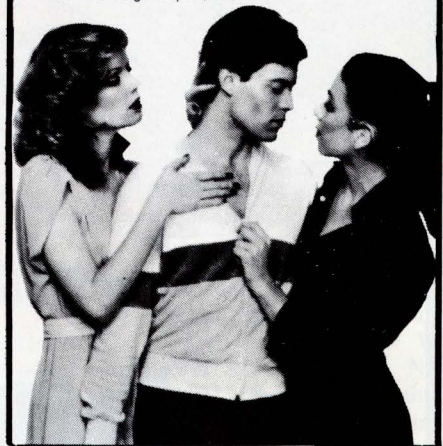
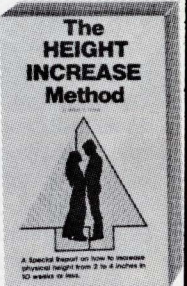
**Says William A. Reldnas**

"I have positive proof you can increase your height. Here are the indisputable facts.

"For many years, scientists believed height increase was not possible after the end of childhood. Recent factual data proves they were wrong. If athletes can increase the length of their limbs AFTER the age of puberty, you can certainly increase the length of your legs and complete torso and, you can do it scientifically, without artificial contraptions or possible injury by using The Height Increase Method."

While it may not yet be acceptable scientific dogma, the research sources are well known and respected scientific journals. And what's more important, if you're not 100% satisfied that The Height Increase Method is living up to all of Reldnas's claims, simply send it back for an immediate refund, no questions asked. Isn't that fair? Order your copy right away. Do it now!

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Gentlemen: Please RUSH me William A. Reldnas' Height Increase Method which I may inspect at no risk for 30 days. If I am not satisfied for any reason, I may return it for an immediate refund. I enclose my check or money order for \$19.95 plus \$1.00 for postage & handling (\$20.95, N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax). Code #969

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## EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Rodger Claire

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.

## Intimate Lessons

**Three-Quarters Erect.** Directed by Philip Marshall; starring Paul Thomas, Danielle Martin, Kay Parker, K. C. Valentine, Geoff Conrad, Maria Tortuga, Becky Savage, Jessie Blu, Richard Bulik and William Margold. Running time: 78 minutes.

*Intimate Lessons* is like a sexual salad bar—all you can eat for the price of admission. It's a silly but fun look at sexual dec-



K. C. Valentine and Danielle Martin double the heat in 'Intimate Lessons.'

adence and overindulgence in these days when almost anything goes. With the help of a large cast, *Intimate Lessons* is the perfect movie for those who want wall-to-wall action but

something a little more creative than uninterrupted humping.

The real bright spot is Danielle Martin. She's an X-rated Marilyn Monroe, a modern-day sex kitten, the stuff of which

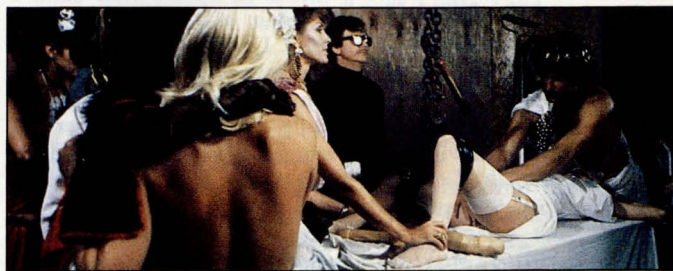
porn dreams are made. Actors and producers alike are dubbing her the hottest newcomer in years, and this reviewer has to agree. There's been nobody like her since Seka first hit the adult scene a few years back.

This time out, Danielle finds herself at a country retreat called Castle Copula, where Paul Thomas plays the eccentric director of an erotica seminar. With the help of a well-researched script, he manages to rattle off a series of lectures on the history of erotic culture. Understandably, it's not long before the guests take Thomas' words to heart—or, more accurately, to bed.

The sex is nonstop and highly innovative, especially during the pool orgy, when Danielle gives Thomas an underwater blowjob—a shot right out of a Lloyd Bridges wet dream. The most memorable moment involves a hedonistic food orgy, a kind of classic Greek feed-and-fuck free-for-all. Suffice it to say, the knockwurst is used in every imaginable way—except as something to eat. In one spicy bit, William Margold, for lack of any other available orifice, picks up a roasted chicken and proceeds to ravish it with reckless abandon.



'Intimate Lessons': Geoff Conrad gets to the bottom of Danielle Martin, a hot porn newcomer (above); and an orgy scene (upper right).



This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore, we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE

- 1 FULLY ERECT**  
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
- 2 THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**  
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
- 3 HALF ERECT**  
So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
- 4 ONE-QUARTER ERECT**  
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
- 5 TOTALLY LIMP**  
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.





Porn veteran Kay Parker squirms with delight under the stern hand of Paul Thomas in 'Intimate Lessons.'

Kay Parker, who has virtually taken over the middle-aged porn-star title from Georgina Spelvin, plays Thomas' mistress. The busty actress turns in yet another fine performance.

Although the premise is corny, there's lots of fun, healthy sex. But the real star here is Danielle Martin, who puts *Intimate Lessons* at the head of the class.

—Dave Yuzo Spector

## Scoundrels

**F**ully Erect. Produced and directed by Cecil Howard; written by Anne Randall; starring Ron Jeremy, Lisa Be, Tigr, George Payne, R. Bolla, Copper Penny, Sharon Mitchell, Ron Hudd, Sean Eliot, Ann Turner and Ariel Lee. Running time: 82 minutes.

Let's face it. Sexual fidelity went out with the Hula Hoop. But that doesn't mean there isn't the devil to pay if you're caught fooling around. *Scoundrels* is an exceptionally well-made movie that captures not only the erotic mischief but also the dangerous consequences of "side dipping." If you've ever been cheated on, Anne Randall's masterful script is likely to make you a bit queasy. But if you can relate to the "taboo thrill" of cheating, get ready for the time of your life.

Beautifully photographed, *Scoundrels* is able to capture the same steamy and forbidden sexuality so expertly depicted

in the general-release hit *Body Heat*. Leave it to filmmaker Cecil Howard (*Foxrot*, *Platinum Paradise*, *Neon Nights*) to create a sophisticated film about the vicious side of adultery, yet one that's hot enough to satisfy the raincoat crowd as well.

Ron Jeremy, known for his humorous portrayals, undertakes the more-serious role of the hardworking psychiatrist who falls victim to the sexual boredom of a stagnating marriage. Lisa Be, as his wife, may be smiling when her husband comes home, but it's a hollow smile, meant more to cover the string of lovers she's been boffing all day, including Jeremy's best friend. Tigr plays their daughter, a foul-mouthed tease who'll screw anything that breathes. Not a great house to come home to.

As soon as Dad's off to work, the place is as busy as a bus station. In one perky little scene Tigr's boyfriend is seduced by Mom and Daughter; before the guy's even showered, his prick has spanned two generations. Lucky for the audience, there's no grandmother around.

Poor Jeremy knows his friends are coming and going all around him, but he's unable to come to terms with his wife's faithlessness. The whole thing comes to a head during a tense scene at a dinner party when Lisa Be accidentally betrays herself. The rest of the sexually

hip guests snicker as her sordid history of infidelities is revealed, while Jeremy has to endure their scorn, feeling like the cuckolded fool. He handles the scene with an understated dignity and sensitivity rarely seen in adult pictures. And unlike most X-rated movies that rely on fluff and stuff, *Scoundrels* ends on a serious note.

Cecil Howard's production shines in every frame, thanks to ingenious editing, brilliant writing and some of the best porn acting to date. There's also a cameo appearance by newcomer Ariel Lee; she doesn't do any hard-core, but her good looks are a real treat. The illicit sex is naughty and suspenseful, bringing the viewer to the boiling point time and



again. For the scoundrel in all of us, *Scoundrels* is not to be missed.

—D. Y. S.

## Blue Jeans

**One-Quarter Erect.** Produced, directed and written by John Christopher; starring Brooke Bennet, David Messa, Sharon Mitchell, Jerry Butler, Sharon Kane, Ron Jeremy, Michael Bruce and Sandy Gazelle. Running time: 75 minutes.

This production has a plot more predictable than a *Roadrunner* cartoon—and isn't nearly as much fun. Inspired by the general-release film *So Fine* and a host of designer-jeans commercials, *Blue Jeans* purports to show the sexy side of New York's garment industry.

Considering what it had to work with, the cast does an admirable job. But despite the performers' good intentions, the sex is strictly standard fare.

David Messa does a fine job as a clothing designer whose line of utterly ridiculous jeans makes him an overnight success. He and Brooke Bennet, who plays his wife, are saddled with some really hokey dialogue. At one point in the film, she walks in on Messa, who's getting a frothy blowjob from his secretary (Sharon Kane). Messa cries, "I hope I haven't blown it," to which Bennet rejoins, "Your secretary blew it for you." Limp lines like that are strictly junior high.

Messa's indiscretion is all the excuse Bennet needs to rekindle an affair with a former lover (played by Jerry Butler). Meanwhile, she hires fully equipped Ron Jeremy as her houseboy.



'Scoundrels': Ariel Lee's a treat; Sharon Mitchell and Ann Turner go to it.



Not surprisingly, Jeremy cleans up on all fronts. The place is livened up even further by the arrival of Bennet's over-sexed sister, portrayed by Sharon Mitchell.

The lighting and photography are below par, and except for a few oral-sex highlights, there's more action at the candy counter in the lobby than on-screen. What saves *Blue Jeans* from being a total loss is the overall effort by the cast to make the most out of low production values and a mindless script. In any event, *Blue Jeans* is a loose-fitting proposition.

—D. Y. S.

## Sorority Sweethearts

**Half Erect.** Produced by Ted Gorley; directed by Paul G. Vatel; written by Paul G. Vatel and Mike Hunt; starring Bridgette Monet, Lisa DeLeeuw, Linda Shaw, Gretchen Sweet, David Smith, Don Hart, Herschel Savage and *Spicy Redhead*. Running time: 80 minutes.

It's hard to think of a more-promising storyline for an adult movie than one that follows the extracurricular activities of a group of lusty college coeds. In this regard, *Sorority*



Linda Shaw teaches Bridgette Monet about college life in 'Sorority.'

her protective wings three fledgling eager beavers, including Bridgette Monet and Linda Shaw, who looks a bit too old to be in school (either that, or she's a slow learner). Lovely Gretchen Sweet rounds out this titillating triumvirate. Of the three, Sweet is closest to a collegiate sexpot. That, of course, is part of the problem: When you make a movie about coeds, you need young-looking actresses—and lots of them. With such a limited number of women in the cast, the film's wild sorority

pecially these days. Fucking in college is as common as pizza and beer. When Monet's sorority sisters find out she's still untried, they decide to throw a party to set the mood for an official deflowering. Unfortunately, the guys who show up look more like used-car salesmen than pimply faced undergraduates trying to get laid before final exams. Even so, the sex is satisfying, particularly when Sweet's on top of things.

So who finally gets to pick Monet's desirable cherry? He's a blind date played by David Smith, who somehow pops up in all of Monet's pictures—kind of like a porn version of Tracy and Hepburn. When Monet finally gets down to it, she's a little too familiar with the sex act to be very believable as a virgin. For example, when Smith pulls out before ejaculating, Monet gives him an adept handjob, a technique you'd hardly associate with a blushing first-timer.

Lisa DeLeeuw's fling with Don Hart, who plays a brother of one of the girls, helps keep things perky. And Linda Shaw gets in some good licks as she takes on half of the senior class while the wide-eyed Monet looks on. But all in all, the film lacks the vitality of a college setting. It could have used quite a few more panty-clad preppies to capture the feel of a real-life sorority.

But if you're just looking for an excuse not to do your homework, enrolling in *Sorority Sweethearts* isn't such a bad idea.

—D. Y. S.



Ever-delectable Gretchen Sweet is on top of things in 'Sorority Sweethearts.'

*Sweethearts* is a nice diversion, even if the relatively small cast isn't very student-bodyish.

The action takes place at an off-campus sorority house operated by the bosomy redhead Lisa DeLeeuw. She takes under

house more often resembles St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday night.

The plot thickens when we learn that Monet's character is still a virgin. With a body like hers, that's hard to believe, es-

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

### **Fully Erect**

All American Girls  
A Thousand and One  
Erotic Nights  
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle  
8 to 4  
Foxtrot  
Indecent Exposure  
Memphis Cat House Blues  
Society Affairs  
Talk Dirty to Me, Part II  
Wanda Whips Wall Street

### **Three-Quarters Erect**

American Desire  
Babe  
Beauty  
Body Magic  
Centerspread Girls  
I Like to Watch  
Peaches and Cream  
Purely Physical  
Satisfactions  
Taboo II  
The Widespread Scandals  
of Lydia Lace  
Titillation  
Wild Dallas Honey

### **Half Erect**

N•U•R•S•E•S of the 407  
Seven Seductions of  
Madame Lau  
The Blonde Next Door  
The Playgirl  
The Tiffany Minx  
Trash  
Undercovers

### **One-Quarter Erect**

Anytime . . . Anyplace  
Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood  
Fireworks  
Foreplay  
The Cosmopolitan Girl  
The Mistress

### **Totally Limp**

Little Orphan Dusty, Part II  
Starlet Nights  
The Seductress



# BOOKS

Reviewed by  
Theodore Sturgeon

## The Compleat Chauvinist

By Edgar Berman, M.D.; Macmillan Publishing Co., 866 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022; \$11.95.

Dr. Berman's best friend is his worst enemy. His best friend is his sharp wit; his worst enemy is his inability to quit using

**The Compleat Chauvinist**  
A SURVIVAL GUIDE FOR THE BEDEVILED MALE

EDGAR BERMAN, M.D.

it. Satire is an odd tool. It's saying funny things about serious things, bizarre things about everyday things. It's taking deadly aim against targets with profiles so high they're impossible to miss. And sometimes it's saying one thing brilliantly as a way to convey the opposite.

A perfect example is a little paper written by the author of *Gulliver's Travels*, Jonathan Swift (1667-1745). There was a deadly famine in Ireland at the time, and he wrote "A Modest Proposal." In it Swift suggested that the Irish, in order to avoid starvation, should eat their babies.

Most readers got the gag and laughed a lot, and some started food ships for Ireland (which is what Swift was after). But a surprising number of people took him literally and reacted with shock, horror and fury.

What Berman has to say could be put in very few words: The Lord intended that men should dominate and that women should be dominated; that women should concentrate on doing the best job possible of

being women under this arrangement; and that, in all other ways, women should stay the hell out of male territory. And that's it.

To say this in 219 pages, Dr. Berman unleashes his extraordinary wit and unusual command of the English language. He slashes and hacks at every conceivable feminine notion, effort and tactic that runs counter to the above statements. Although he declares in his introduction that he loves women and that his real target is the militant feminist, he comes on so strong that one suspects he's afraid of *all* women.

All of which doesn't deny that the book is a heavy handful of hilarity. It's hard to think of another author, alive or dead, who's written with so much zing. Edgar Berman is a very, very funny man.

## The G Spot

By Alice Kahn Ladas, Beverly Whipple and John D. Perry; Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 383 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017; \$11.95.

In January 1981, HUSTLER became the first major magazine to publish an article about the G spot, a sexual discovery that is currently receiving national and world attention. But the belief in the existence

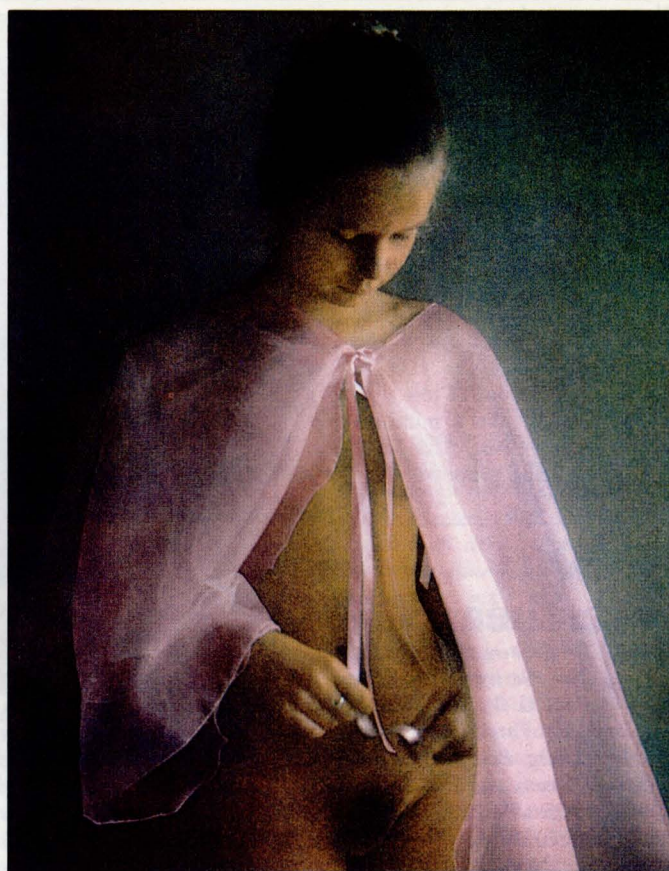
**The G SPOT**

And OTHER RECENT DISCOVERIES ABOUT HUMAN SEXUALITY

ALICE KAHN LADAS, BEVERLY WHIPPLE, AND JOHN D. PERRY

of the "spot" is not as new as you might think. References to it have cropped up in literature and scholarly writings for 2,000 years or so. Aristotle is said to have mentioned it, as well as the ancient medical writer Galen.

Evidence of it pops up repeatedly in Victorian pornography in references to females



'Bilitis': A pensive moment in the life of a blossoming woman.

who ejaculate like males, observations discarded as ignorant fantasy by later researchers. Thousands, if not millions, of women have been aware of it, or at least of its function, but hardly anyone bothered to ask *them*. Most sexperts have been men.

The book also settles the argument about whether the female orgasm arises from the clitoris only or, as Sigmund Freud insisted, deep in the vagina. The answer it gives is that orgasm arises from *both* places, and the deep, vaginal one is triggered by the G spot.

Specifically, the G spot is a small organ, about the size of a bean, located on the front wall of the vagina two inches or so inside. The spot itself is glandular tissue that surrounds the urethra, the tube that runs from the bladder down to that little hole through which the woman pees. It is the same kind of tissue that makes up the male prostate gland; and when the organ ejaculates, as it can, the fluid produced is *not* urine. It's something very different and very exclusive to the woman.

If your lady has ever wet the sheets with this fluid, it's likely

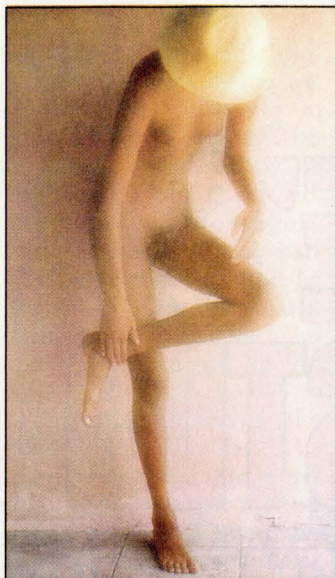
she felt so ashamed at the moment, she'd rather quit the sex act altogether than go through the embarrassment again. Expressing disgust or anger over the situation will just make things worse. It's another example of the monstrous misery a little ignorance can cause.

You'll also get a great deal of information on the male orgasm and the fact that men are capable of two very different kinds: one *with* ejaculation and the other less-common type in which *no* seminal fluid is ejacu-



'Bilitis' captures the innocent beauty of a sensuous young maiden.





In 'Bilitis,' Hamilton's camera focuses on the many moods of adolescence.

lated! For the price of a cheap night out, here's a book that can really change your life and increase your happiness—and hers.

By the way, for a more-detailed explanation of the spot and how to find it and enjoy it, see the February issue of CHIC.

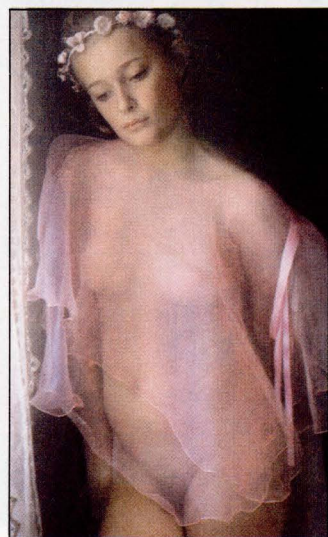
## Bilitis

By David Hamilton; Quill, 105 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$12.95.

This is a kind of scrapbook centering around the production of a movie. The film was *Bilitis*, the tender tale of a young girl's coming of age, which was originally released in 1977. It was famed photographer David Hamilton's first



cinematic effort, and judging by what he writes about the "adventure"—that's what he calls it—it was a gas.



"And, after all, who reads the text in photo books?" is the question he asks at the end of this volume. Well, I do and you might. Usually, Hamilton gets someone else to write the text, but in this one he includes his own words. Hearing him speak gives us a clue to what sort of man he is and an answer to the question every reader/viewer asks sooner or later about his work: How does he get these lovely young girls to be so open and relaxed?

Part of the answer is tireless work. Part of it is his personal taste—that talented eye of his. But what comes through in the few words in the book is just the kind of guy he really is—a devoted, sensitive artist with a keen eye for innocent beauty.

The rest of *Bilitis* consists of photographs, with a generous measure of what David Hamil-

ton fans have come to expect—the most-gorgeous young girls to be seen anywhere, posed as if they were unposed, composed as if they were miraculous accidents. See for yourself.

## Busted Lives

By Ann Zane Shanks; Delacorte Press, 1 Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, New York, NY 10017; \$10.95.

Juan says, "When my father died, I started taking it out on the world. In school once, I slammed the teacher's head on the table. I was in the fourth grade."

Ted says, "I haven't seen my father in something like—wow, a long time, ten years. He left home when I was a little bitty baby, you know."

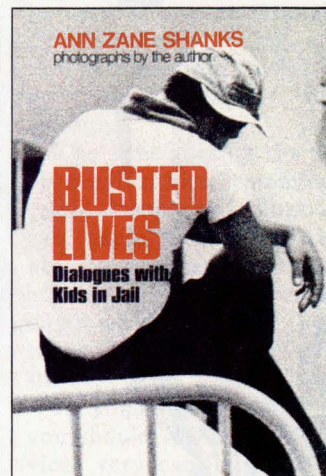
Pamela says, "I was trying to get away from my parents' superiority. I was tired of being bossed around. . . . My mother wanted me to go a certain path. . . . I just thought she had something against me."

Dolores says, "The first time I ever had sex, I was 15, and I was with this guy who I can say I didn't love. But I thought I did. I did it to spite my mother, 'cause I actually told her after. I was surprised she didn't beat me. She was very hurt, and I was happy for that. She cried for about four nights."

This book is a collection of the stories of 13 children who got in trouble ranging from theft to murder, told in their own words during interviews in various detention centers and halfway houses. You'll learn things about foster homes, criminal justice, drugs and crime that maybe you'd rather


not hear. But hear it anyway. In *Busted Lives*, Ann Zane Shanks has something very important to say.

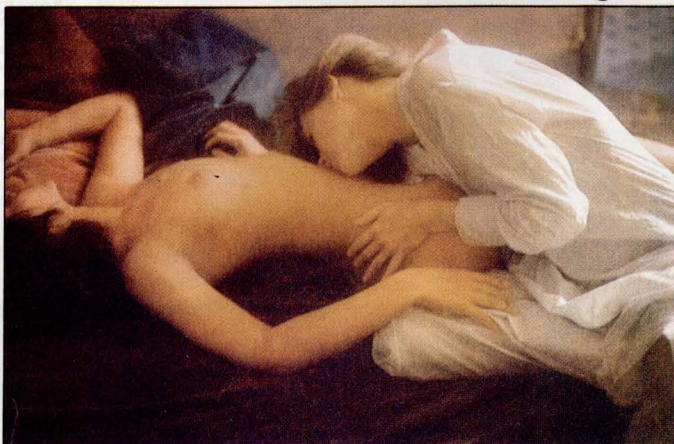
Almost every one of these kids—and they're not all from poor minority environments—comes from a home where there was no father and/or no love. They had no real shelter and nobody to be with or talk to but other lost kids on the street.



They were hit, ignored, sexually assaulted and, worst of all, never loved or given a feeling of worth.

This very useful volume has three short articles by experts in the field of juvenile crime; a listing of organizations, schools and programs that specialize in the problem; and a long mailing list of places in various states you can write to if any of this hits home.

And it ought to concern all of us, because in spite of the hard work of a lot of good people, the problem shared by these children is growing. We have to understand that unloved kids are not going to be especially loving to anyone—including, eventually, their own. 



Two women explore their emerging sexuality in Hamilton's 'Bilitis.'



**In fact, thousands are! Each issue of HUSTLER attracts new readers to join the millions who have already discovered the best in adult entertainment. Save money and have a perfect "delivery" by clipping out the coupon below and subscribing today!**

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George, a respected Midwestern business executive, left his office supposedly to keep an appointment with his dentist. In reality he headed to a run-down section of the city, where adult-book stores and massage parlors were clustered. There he met his favorite dominatrix to spend another afternoon under her stern but playful hand.

This time, however, the games went too far. His bonds included a thin metal chain that was tied around his testicles and then secured to the bedpost. After an exhausting round of sexual gymnastics, George fell asleep. Then, tragically, he rolled off the bed and was castrated. His testicles, of course, remained chained to the bedpost.

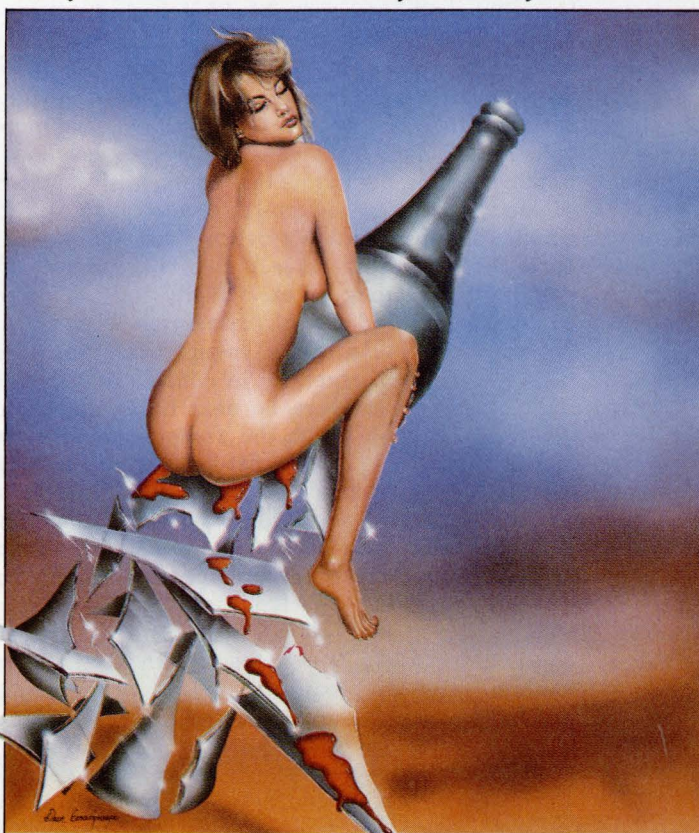
Eddie, a white-collar worker in Boston, liked having his sex partner insert a balloonlike device into his rectum while it was deflated and then fill it with air using a hand-held pump. The expanding balloon would stimulate the prostate gland, resulting in the same sensation experienced during anal sex. One day, however, his partner inflated the balloon far past a safe level, and Eddie's internal organs were ruptured. When he relieves himself now, he does it into a plastic bag attached to a hole in his abdomen.

What happened to George and Eddie is not as unusual as it sounds. As sexual boundaries continue to broaden and couples become more liberal in their sexual practices, accidents resulting from these kinds of kinky activities are bound to increase.

But that doesn't mean you have to put your libido back on ice. You can still give free rein to your sexual spirit of adventure, but—and it's a big *but*—you had better first lay down a few rules.

If you and your partner are thinking of dabbling in a little sexual experimentation, take some time to talk over what you want out of the experience before you begin. Let each other know what you like and dislike, whether you have any sensitive or painful areas or any

*Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.*



# SEXUAL INJURIES

by Dr. Peter M. Wisniewski and Holly Smith

fears or phobias. Learn the rules of the game. And don't get carried away; always let common sense guide everything you do.

Another good general rule is to undertake these forays into the kinkier regions only with someone you know well or with a professional. Playing with strangers can be dangerous. In an extreme case, just a year ago, several young women were recruited as sex slaves by a woman who claimed her husband was a bondage master. What they didn't know was that he was a psycho whose ultimate thrill was killing the helpless "slaves."

And never overindulge in the use of drugs or alcohol while experimenting

with the more-hazardous sexual activities—especially flagellation or bondage. Both alcohol and drugs deaden the body's sensitivity to pain, which is your best warning sign that the games are getting too rough. And alcohol, Quaaludes and other downers should never be used with gags or hoods; all can induce vomiting, and the person could choke or even drown on his own sputum.

The same goes for the use of butyl nitrite, commonly called "poppers." Poppers can cause flushing, dizziness, sweating and vomiting, and have been linked to the death of at least one bedroom player who died of a stroke.

If you're into bondage, you should choose your devices very carefully. Never leave any device on for more than an hour, particularly when using bonds on the extremities (arms, legs, penis, testicles, etc.). Bonds tend to restrict normal blood circulation. After an extended period of time the affected tissue begins to die, and if you're not careful, you could lose an arm or leg or even your penis. If you're new at this game, it's a good idea to avoid the use of ropes, which are more likely to cut off circulation and can cause serious chafing. Leather, because it tends to "breathe" and expand, is better than metal and is probably your best bet.

You should be extremely cautious when using any harnesses or straps that go around the neck or chest. If you're left unattended or they are fitted too tightly, you could lapse into unconsciousness or even die. Your partners in bondage should always be people you know and trust; your life, literally, is in their hands.

Not long ago a Chicago businessman was vacationing with his lover. One evening she had left him bound and trussed while she slipped out to buy some groceries. When she returned, the executive was dead. He had choked to death on his own vomit. The lover panicked when she realized what had happened, and dumped the body into a lake. She



was arrested and charged with murder but exonerated when forensic tests supported her story.

Enthusiasts of vibrators, dildos and intrusion devices should be wary about inserting any object into the vagina or rectum. Never insert anything sharp into the body; and if you're going to put anything into the rectum, explore the passageway with your finger first. The structure of everyone's colon is different, and you want to ensure that the angle you choose to insert the object is not going to injure your partner. And if you plan to completely submerge an object into the vagina or anus, be sure to attach a string or some kind of handle to it so you can easily remove it afterward. The vagina, and more so the anus, has a powerful suction capacity that tends to make removal difficult.

A noted Philadelphia gynecologist once had to remove a hair roller that had become lodged beneath the rim of a woman's cervix. And another Philadelphia physician had to dislodge an eight-ounce Coca-Cola bottle from the rectum of a man who'd apparently been playing at home alone.

When using any kind of vibrator or device in anal sex, be careful of spreading infection. Wrap all anal toys with a condom or other protective covering to keep them from becoming contami-

nated. Of course, if you're into completely submerging the object, be prepared to lose the condom inside the rectum. If it comes off, don't worry. It'll be eliminated during your next bowel movement. And *never* place a toy that has been inside the rectum into the vagina without thoroughly washing it first. This will reduce the likelihood of vaginal infection.

If food games—licking peanut butter off your lady's clitoris, drinking wine from her pussy and so forth—are part of your sexual diet, make sure you never put anything in the vagina that contains sugar. Sugar fosters the growth of yeast, which can upset nature's delicate balance. So avoid using cakes or sweets in your sexual recipes, or she's likely to wind up with a bad case of vaginal itch. On the other hand, plain yogurt has been found to be beneficial in controlling the growth of yeast. So next time you're feeling frisky, grab the Yoplait.

The fast-growing sport of fist-fucking, especially popular among gays but also practiced by some heterosexuals who use both the anus and the vagina, requires a great deal of patience and consideration. The practice, whereby one partner inserts his or her entire hand, and sometimes even part of the forearm, into the rectum of the other player, can cause a lot of damage if done

incorrectly. It should never be forced and should always be done with lots of lubrication. And always remove any rings or jewelry before attempting it.

Patience is the key here. Breathing exercises can help the player to relax and to overcome the natural tendency of the anus to tense up and constrict. Severe injuries—including damaged muscle tissue, hemorrhaging and infection—are not uncommon for thrillseekers who jump into this sport too quickly. Last year more than 100 cases passed through hospital emergency rooms near San Francisco's gay community. According to a prominent Boston physician, injuries resulting from the newest East Coast craze of foot-fucking are on a dramatic upswing among those adventurers who refuse to be outdone by people on the West Coast.

As in every kind of adventure, the important thing is to have a good time and come back safely. All forms of sexual expression spring from normal, healthy urges, and you shouldn't feel embarrassed or afraid of pursuing your inclinations—as long as you follow a few simple rules and apply a little common sense. Before you engage in any sexual game, take into account the general health of your partner. Don't place bonds on any part of the body affected by sores or skin disease. Don't engage in any anal sex play with persons afflicted with intestinal ailments.

Another thing: Don't encourage your mate to return to active duty too soon after childbirth or gynecological surgery. You should allow at least four to six weeks for the muscle tissues of the vagina to heal and firm up. One Philadelphia woman wound up back in the hospital just five days after childbirth when her husband tore a hole through the wall of her vagina while fucking her with a dildo.

And one of the first things you should do before indulging in any sexual game is to agree upon a code word: a signal that tells your partner to *stop*! Immediately. This is important, because many times a partner's cries of "Stop! Stop!" are merely part of the game and will go unheeded by the other participant. The code word or signal cuts through all of that and lets the other person know you really mean it. It can be something as simple as "You got me" or "That's it," some word or phrase that wouldn't ordinarily pop up in bedroom conversation. If you're contemplating S&M or using gags, you should devise a body signal as well, like nodding the head or shaking a foot.

So, if it feels good, go ahead and try it. Just make sure you both stay in shape to enjoy it again.

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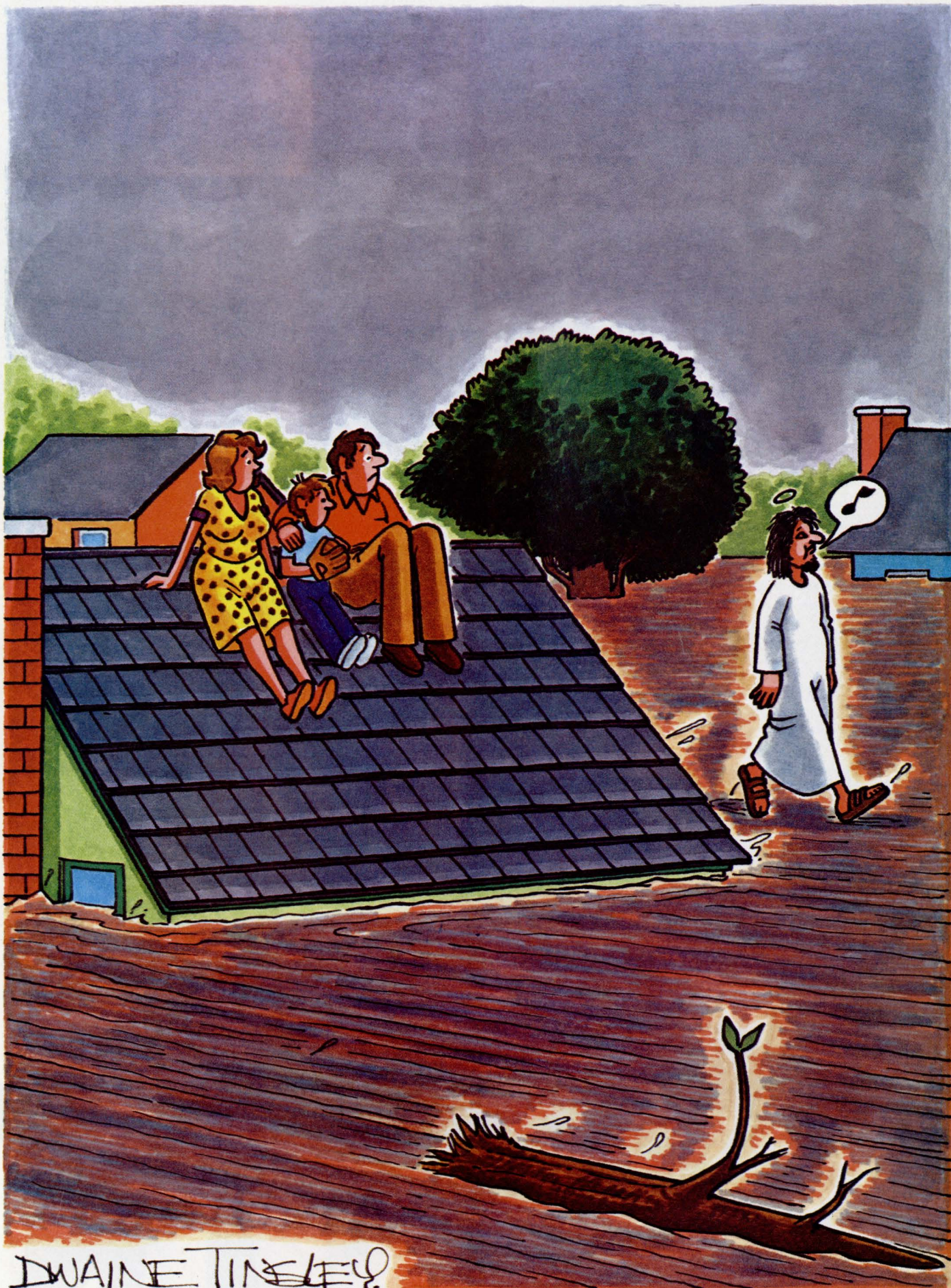
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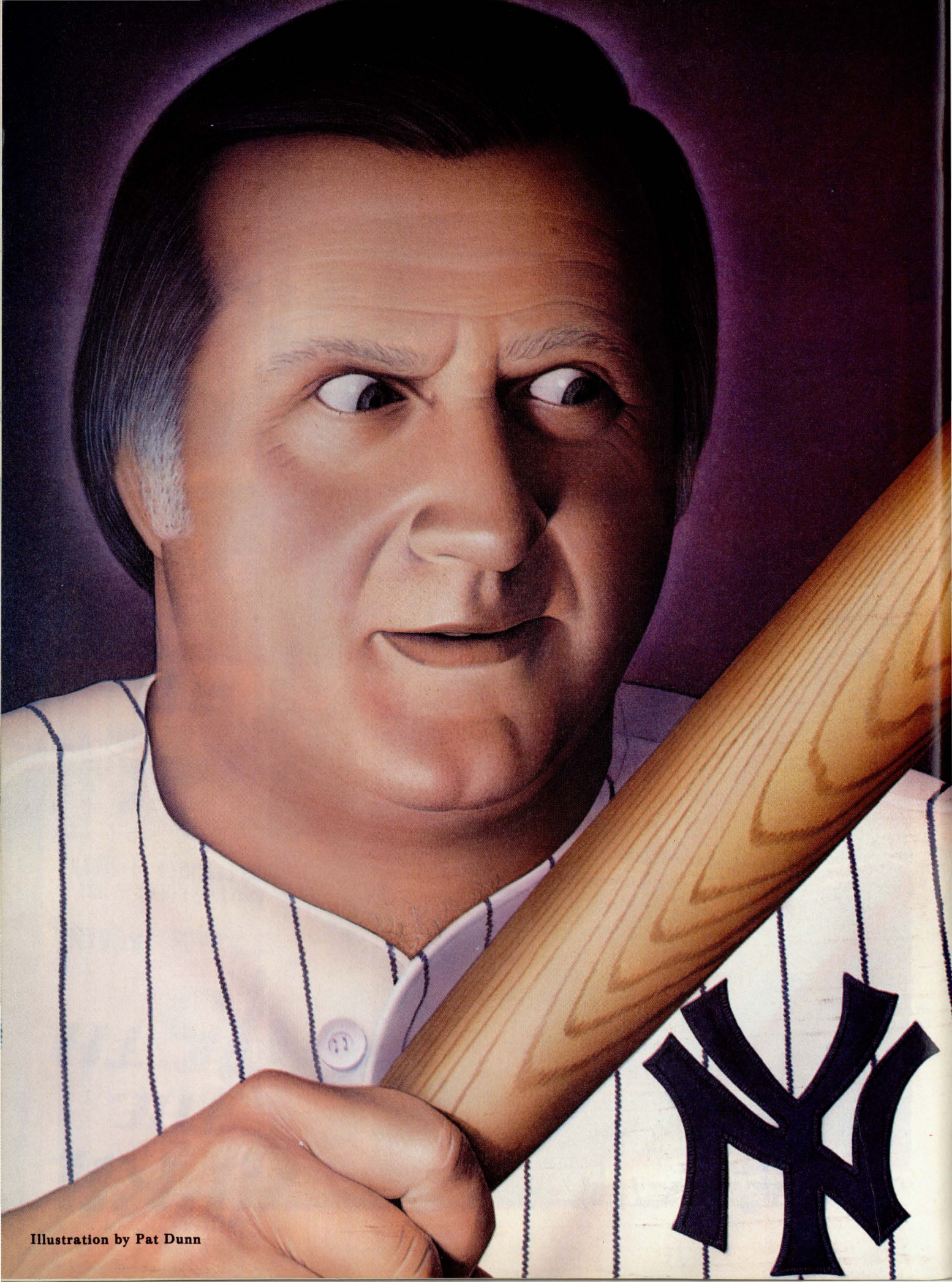
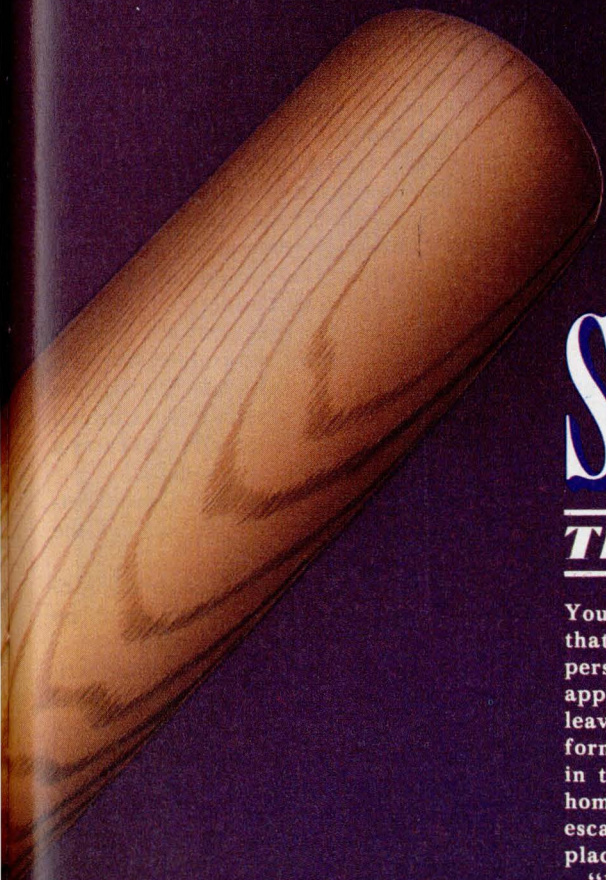


Illustration by Pat Dunn





# GEORGE STEINBRENNER

## *The Most Awesome Man in Baseball?*

You could almost feel the excitement that night last April when baseball superstar Reggie Jackson made his first appearance in Yankee Stadium after leaving New York to sign with the California Angels. The chanting began deep in the bleachers as the temperamental home-run hitter strode to the plate, and escalated in intensity as he took his place in the batter's box.

"REG-GIE! REG-GIE!" some 50,000 fans roared, welcoming back their hero who had been let go in an unpopular move by the Yankees' controversial principal owner, George Steinbrenner.

And like the clutch performer that he is, Jackson obliged them. His whiplike swing made direct contact, and the ball thudded into the rightfield seats.

"REG-GIE! REG-GIE!" the chanting resumed as the crowd stood on its feet and went wild. Then suddenly the cheering died down, and a new chant started among the bitter working-class fans jamming the cheaper bleacher seats. It grew louder and louder, spreading to the grandstands and box seats. "STEINBRENNER SUCKS!" the crowd bellowed in unison. "STEINBRENNER SUCKS! STEINBRENNER SUCKS!"

*Profile by Ben Pesta*





After the game the Yankees owner was philosophical about his contemptuous treatment by the hometown crowd. "To make it in New York, you have to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," he said, paraphrasing Shakespeare's Hamlet.

In recent years Steinbrenner's habit of mouthing off at the slightest provocation has brought a wide variety of abuse—much of it deserved. *New York Daily News* sportswriter Mike Lupica called him "a liar... a tyrant... a graceless lout... a statesman in the Alexander Haig mold."

Publishing executive Roger Wilkins, in an open letter to the *Village Voice*, told Steinbrenner, "Like most bullies, you are a coward.... After 41 years as a Yankee fan I resign."

And those are among the milder reactions to the man who's never hesitant about popping off to reporters, publicly humiliating players, coaches and managers and letting them find out about it when they open the next day's papers.

Holding center stage during the biggest story of the 1982 baseball season, Steinbrenner's rantings and ravings—along with some questionable personnel moves—headlined the continuing soap opera of the once-proud Yankees' fall from prominence. TV executives will tell you that what keeps soap-opera fans

tuning in to their favorite shows is the presence of a sufficiently dastardly villain. That's the way it was with the Yankees last year. Their bombastic, demanding owner was villain enough for several daytime (and nighttime) dramas.

Following the embarrassing loss of four consecutive games in the 1981 World Series, Steinbrenner vowed to mold the 1982 Yankees into the image of many National League teams—emphasizing speed instead of the power of a home-run hitter like Jackson (who was also asking a hefty \$975,000 annual salary). Along with a number of lesser players, the Yanks bought outfielder Ken Griffey from the Cincinnati Reds (paying him over a million dollars a year) and signed an undistinguished ex-Red, Dave Collins, for "only" \$825,000.

Steinbrenner also announced that he was sticking with Bob Lemon, the manager whose leadership abilities he'd openly questioned during the World Series defeat to the Los Angeles Dodgers. "I'm not going to make a change unless it's dictated by something other than how the team is doing," he said.

The Yankees had lost seven of their first 14 games when Steinbrenner fired Lemon on April 25 and replaced him with Gene Michael—who he'd canned in 1981 in favor of Lemon. "I think it'll be better," Michael optimistically said

of his second time around. Three months later he was fired again.

As the season wore on, things got weirder instead of better. By the All-Star break the Yanks were in sixth place, eight games out of first and three games under .500. "It's been a team effort," ace reliever Rich "Goose" Gossage said.

Steinbrenner, naturally, complained bitterly—and often. "These guys make more money than the President of the United States," he said. "I wouldn't give you nothing for most of them."

Time and again he embarrassed players by individually blaming them for the team's nosedive. Some prime examples:

★ Outfielder Dave Winfield. Considered by most to be a superstar, he has a ten-year, \$22-million contract. "Winfield is an outstanding athlete, but he's not a superstar in the sense that Reggie Jackson is," Steinbrenner told a stunned press conference. "Winfield can't carry a club [team] the way Reggie does."

★ All-Star third baseman Graig Nettles. Steinbrenner said he was in "the twilight of his career."

★ First baseman John Mayberry. Acquired in mid-season from Toronto, he was called "pathetic at the plate."

★ Pitcher Dave Righetti, 1981's American League Rookie of the Year. He was temporarily sent to the minors because there was "a problem between his ears."

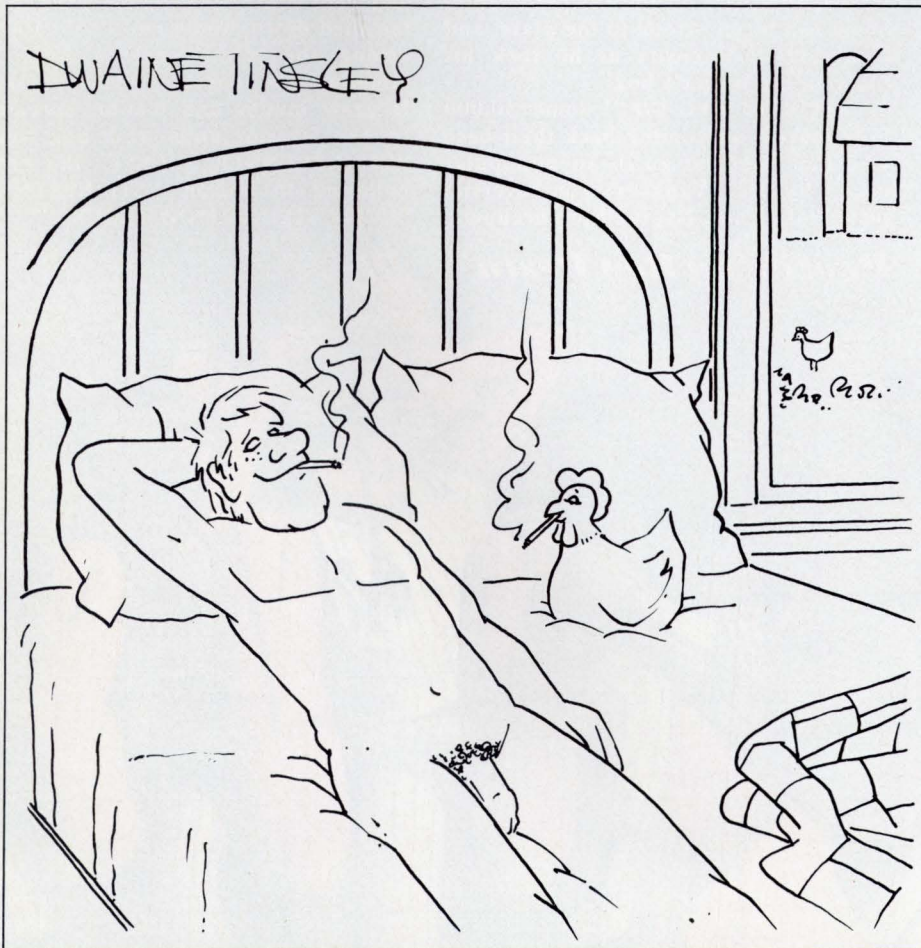
★ Shortstop Bucky Dent, the Yankees' 1978 World Series hero. "He's like a son to me, my own flesh and blood," Steinbrenner said early in the season. When rumors spread that Dent was being traded, the owner told him: "I swear to you on my mother's head, you have not been traded." Four-and-a-half hours later he was a Texas Ranger.

Said Dent: "How do they expect you to play when they keep messing with your head?"

No wonder a substantial loss of morale accompanied the team's drop in the standings. "We have been stripped of so much pride and confidence," explained star pitcher Ron Guidry.

Several players asked to be traded, notably veteran pitcher Tommy John. "This is the most screwed-up system I've seen," he snapped. "George feels that once he's paid you, all human reactions leave your body. For some reason [he] doesn't know about human emotions. It's like yelling at your kid, 'Don't spill that milk!' Or, 'I'll spank you if you spill that milk.' And the kid will either spill the milk or he won't drink it."

On August 3 Steinbrenner put the blame for the impending Yankee disaster on Gene Michael and replaced him with pitching coach Clyde King. With team morale at an all-time low, Goose Gossage described the situation as "al-







"Yup—stinks like shit, but she sho' keep th' crows outa th' corn!"



most unbearable" and blew up in front of an eager audience of reporters a couple of weeks later.

"If things don't change, I want out," Gossage said. "I've had it up to here. I'm through being patient, and I'm through being quiet. I'll tell them to trade me or give me some assurance that things will change. He's got to quit treating us like animals and start treating us like people."

Said Steinbrenner: "The Goose should do more pitching and less quacking."

As August wore on, Ken Griffey announced that he too would like to be traded. Tommy John, the dissident pitcher who had expressed his displeasure with Steinbrenner, was traded to the Angels.

Mercifully, the Yankees' long season ground to a halt. Touted in spring training as the most talented team in baseball, they finished in fifth place. Their 79-83 record was the team's worst since 1967.

While injuries played a big part in the 1982 collapse, many observers laid the responsibility squarely on George Steinbrenner. Overlooked was the fact that under his regime the team had won five division championships, four American League pennants and two World Series in just ten years. If nothing else, healthy Yankee profits proved that besides

shooting off his mouth, he must be doing something right.

George Michael Steinbrenner III started making his fortune in the best possible way: He was born into it. But his father, Henry G. Steinbrenner, made certain that he wouldn't be a pantywaist rich kid.

Henry owned the Kinsman Marine Transit Company, a Great Lakes shipping concern that is the basis of the Steinbrenner millions. The older Steinbrenner was a tough, smart, educated businessman who was also a jock. While at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology he'd been national track champion in the 220-yard low hurdles—the school's only national champion.

"He was a typical German father—very strict, a great teacher, very difficult at times," his famous son recalls. "He was extremely competitive, and he taught me to be. I had some great teachers in life, but it all comes back to Dad. Whatever good there is in me is him. Whatever's bad is me."

Henry Steinbrenner would have been a tough act for any kid to follow, and George was driven to excel. Despite his family wealth, he received no allowance. At age nine he formed his first business—the George Company—raising chickens and delivering eggs. When he

went away to school, he sold the operation to his two sisters for \$50.

At 14, George was enrolled in Culver Military Academy, an Indiana school whose alumni include Senator Lowell Weicker (R-Connecticut) and actor Hal Holbrook. He was an average student, although he earned an A+ in military science. He played football and basketball and ran the hurdles in track.

At one track meet, young George won two races and finished second in another. He remembers his father saying, "What the hell happened? How'd you let that guy beat you?"

Steinbrenner moved on to Williams College, a small liberal-arts school in Massachusetts, where he had to work hard for his grades—but he managed. He also played football, captained the track team, was a member of the band and the glee club, and was co-sports editor of the college paper.

Following graduation, he served in the Air Force and designed a recreational sports program at Lockbourne Air Force Base near Columbus, Ohio, that was credited with helping to curb the base's AWOL problem. After his discharge he coached football and basketball at St. Thomas Aquinas High School in Columbus and married Joan Zeig, a local girl. In 1955 he became an assistant football coach at Northwestern University under Lou Saban, who he later hired as president of the Yankees. He spent the next two years as backfield coach at Purdue University.

Henry Steinbrenner thought that sports was a waste of time for a tycoon's son. And by 1957, George—now a family man—realized that an assistant coach's salary didn't go very far when you had mouths to feed. Facing facts, the up-and-coming young coach joined the family business, Kinsman Marine.

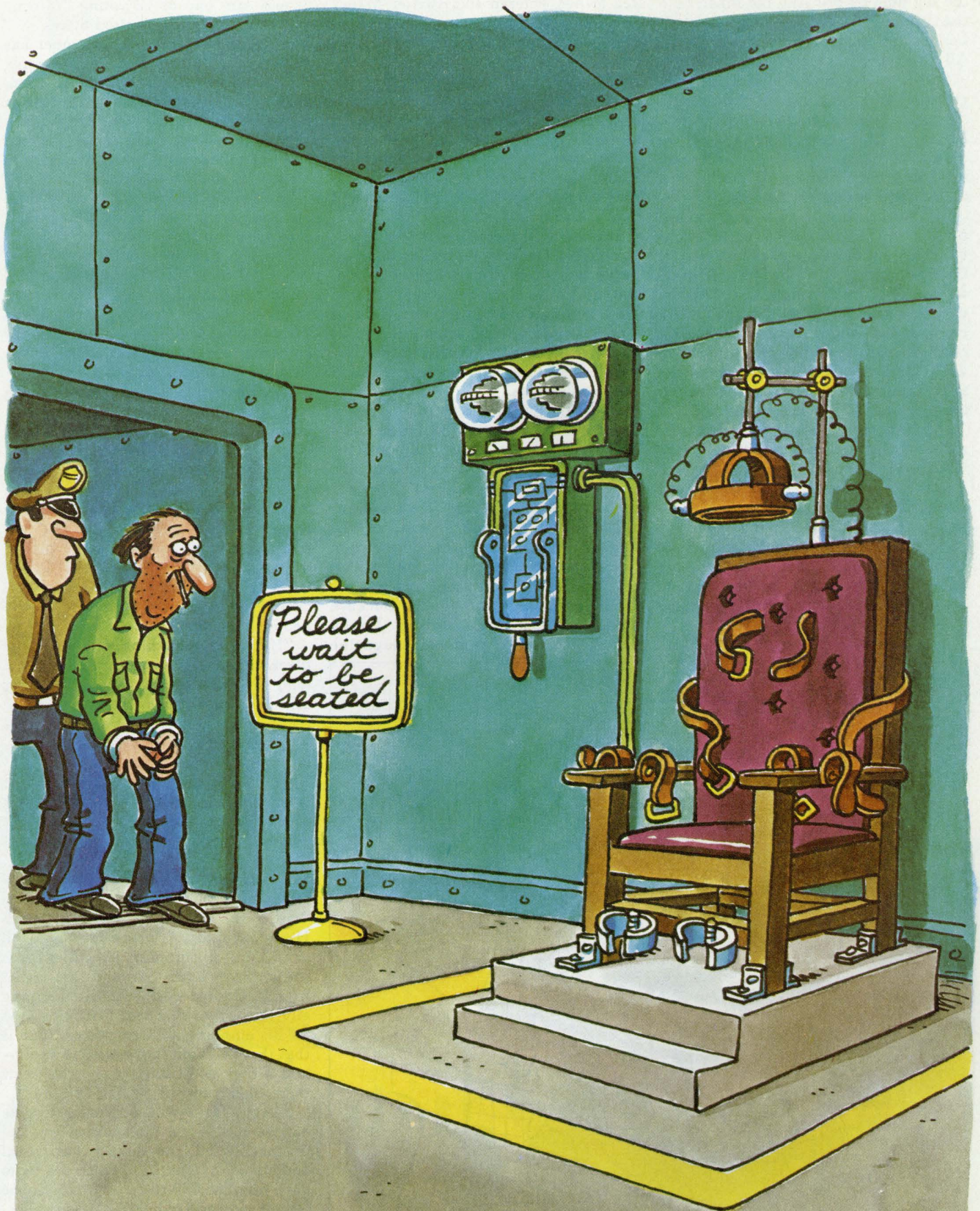
Steinbrenner "really worked like hell," by his own admission, to succeed at the shipping firm and earn his father's approval. But he was still bitten by the sports bug. Against the old man's advice and wishes he sold his Kinsman stock, put together a group of investors and bought the Cleveland Pipers semipro basketball team for \$125,000.

The Pipers were hardly a big-league operation. But Steinbrenner, then 30 years old, was already beginning to display the excessive behavior that would alienate players and fans years later as a major-league baseball owner. He'd scream at newspaper and radio reporters when his team wasn't getting the kind of coverage he thought it should. He'd scream at referees when he disagreed with their calls. He'd scream at the team and the coach when they lost.

George made his first move toward







Collins



the big time by bringing the Pipers into the brand-new American Basketball League and hiring former Boston Celtic All-Star Bill Sharman as coach.

"George was always great and very generous as long as we were winning," Sharman later told sportswriter Dick Schaap. "But *very impatient* if we didn't." Fortunately for all concerned, the Pipers won often enough to become the 1961-62 league champions.

Henry Steinbrenner was not amused by his son's preoccupation with basketball, seldom missing a chance to let George know how he felt. Events seemed to prove him right in 1962 when the American Basketball League folded, bankrupting the Pipers and leaving creditors with hundreds of thousands of dollars in losses. George's brief career as a sports entrepreneur left him personally a quarter-million dollars in the hole.

"I don't think George ever measured up to his father's standards," says George McAleenan, a Williams College fraternity brother. "His father was a world-class hurdler. George was good, but he wasn't an Olympian. George is a competitive person, and he wanted to achieve the degree of success his father enjoyed. That might be the key to George's desire to succeed. He is driven to exceed his father's successes."

In a *New York Post* series on the Yan-

kee owner, veteran sportswriter Maury Allen asked a psychiatrist friend to explain what drives the temperamental tycoon. "It seems a classic case of a filial relationship with a strong father," the shrink said. "His aggressiveness, his toughness, his meanness to employees all come from his inability ever to please his father. . . . George Steinbrenner would give a World Series ring if his father would hug him to his breast and say, 'I love you.'"

Ironically, the collapse of the Pipers established George's reputation as an independent businessman—someone who was more than Hank Steinbrenner's son. He bought an ore-hauling boat, formed a company to operate it and divided its earnings among his former basketball partners. In three years he paid off all of the team's debts.

Also during the early 1970s Steinbrenner began to establish himself as a philanthropist of note. He ran the Cleveland March of Dimes campaign and increased contributions 37% over the previous year's total. He served as chairman of Cleveland Now, of the Greater Cleveland Growth Corporation and of the Junior Olympics. He was voted Cleveland's Man of the Year, and the Ohio Jaycees elected him the Buckeye State's "Most Outstanding Young Man." In 1968, *Fortune* magazine

named him one of 12 young "Movers and Shakers" in the United States.

Through the years, Steinbrenner has helped many deserving young people get a college education. One of them, Frank Perez, was a track performer at Glenville High, a predominantly black Cleveland school. Perez couldn't afford to go to college on his own, and neither his grades nor his athletic skills would have earned him a full scholarship. Steinbrenner put the bite on his former employer, Purdue University.

"I got a \$10,000 scholarship, and as far as I'm concerned, George Steinbrenner gave me that \$10,000," Perez recalls. "I never would have gone to college without him. And he never asked me for anything in return." Perez is now an assistant high-school principal.

Dr. Herman Alexander, the evening and weekend director of Cuyahoga Community College, was an assistant track coach at Glenville in the '60s. "I'd do anything for George," Alexander says today. "I was a black coach, and most of our athletes were black. Many of them couldn't afford much. At our away-from-home meets, George picked up the tabs. Later on I was roadblocked in my own career. George helped me change courses by introducing me to people who could help me.

"If I need something, either for the black community or for the school system, all I have to do is call. He's never asked for anything in return. All I can really do for him is to be a confidant, a sympathetic ear. He's been a humanitarian to me."

The picture of Steinbrenner as the eager philanthropist is a stark contrast to his image as employer. Many of those who have worked for him think of Steinbrenner as Attila the Boss.

George's employees are painfully aware of both sides of his personality. "He is the essence of the Jekyll-and-Hyde mentality," observes Campbell W. Elliot, a shipping executive who worked for him. "Around his social friends George is the most charming guy in the world, a real Mr. Nice." As for his employees, "George's attitude is that they're damn lucky to have a job—and if they don't like the way he treats them, they can just get the hell out."

Reggie Jackson had much the same experience. When his contract was being negotiated, the slugger was wined and dined by the Yankee owner, who gave him \$63,000 to buy a Rolls-Royce Corniche to add to his famous car collection. On signing with the Yankees, Reggie said, "George Steinbrenner dealt with me as a man and a person. . . . Steinbrenner is like me; he's a little

(continued on page 50)







# KITTY

saddle tramp

Photography by Suze Randall





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**I**t's just like the song says: We all grew up to be cowboys," laughs 20-year-old Kitty. "Since the day I mounted my first horse, I knew I was born to be bustin' broncs." So naturally, when this pretty little filly agreed to pose for us, we couldn't resist a Western set. "I grew up on a ranch," Kitty confides, "and there's something about the smell of fresh-cut hay, the noise of the men in the bunkhouse, the feel of fine saddle-leather beneath your thighs that, well ... excites me." But why choose a barn to be photographed in? "Well," she smiles impishly, "I learned an awful lot about cowboys up in that hayloft."

























(continued from page 40)

crazy, and he's a hustler."

But the bloom left the rose a little more than two years later, in 1979, when the boss rehired Reggie's old enemy, Billy Martin, to manage the Yankees. Reggie called Steinbrenner to express his fears about playing for Martin, with whom he had often squabbled—both publicly and privately. Reggie also expressed the opinion that he should have been consulted before Martin was rehired.

"When I think you should have a say in who manages the New York Yankees," Steinbrenner replied sharply, "I'll call you. You'd better get your head on straight, boy."

There's a good chance that Jackson interpreted the "boy" as a racial slur. Given Steinbrenner's record of philanthropy toward the black community, it most likely wasn't intended that way. It almost certainly *was* intended to remind Reggie, "You're not my buddy; you're my employee." It was a lesson the outfielder never forgot.

It could be argued that Jackson had it coming. However, Mickey Morabito, the onetime Yankee press-relations chief who now holds a similar job with the Oakland A's, probably got a raw deal.

Morabito once worked until 3 a.m. after a World Series game. Later that same morning, he showed up five minutes late for a meeting in the boss's office. Steinbrenner chewed his ass. "He wants you when he wants you," Morabito remembers. "If only he'd pat you on the back once in a while, it would make it easier when he jumps all over you."

On occasion, Steinbrenner's outbursts have been downright cruel. In 1981 traveling secretary Bill Kane, who's been with the team since the '50s, left work a half-hour early on a scheduled off day for the team. When Steinbrenner found out, he told him he was being docked a day's pay. Kane, who had polio as a child and now walks with a limp, protested.

"If you think you can get a good job anywhere else, in your condition, go ahead and take it!" Steinbrenner is said to have retorted. The bottom line seems to be that George respects people only until they come to work for him. After that it's no more Mr. Nice Guy.

Still, many Steinbrenner friends—and even a few of his employees—recognize George's mean streak and accept it as part of the man's complex makeup. "I'll always respect him for giving me the job when I was 25," says ex-PR chief Morabito. "I'm sure he had advisers who said, 'Don't do it; he's too young to handle it.'"

And, in fact, I was thrown into a lot of demanding situations. After all, I was the middle man between the press and three tremendous egos—Steinbrenner's, Reggie Jackson's and Billy Martin's."

Steinbrenner's rise from a man-about-Ohio to world-class celebrity began in 1963. That was the year he borrowed enough money to make the moves that changed him from a rich man into a *really* rich man.

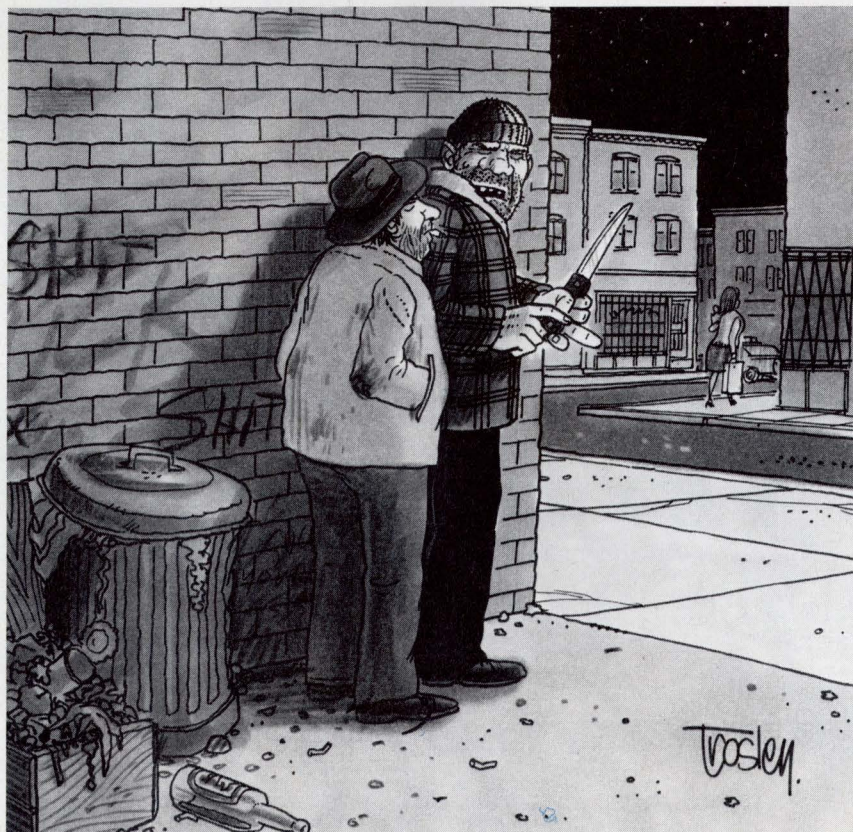
George's father, Henry Steinbrenner, was ready to get out of the shipping business. He was old, and the business climate had changed for the worse. The steel companies that shipped most of the tonnage on the Great Lakes now owned their own fleets. They could write off the cost of buying new ships on their taxes while shipping firms could not. And inland carriers such as Kinsman were specifically excluded by the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 from the lucrative tax breaks and government subsidies received by oceangoing carriers.

So George went to see an old Culver Military Academy schoolmate who'd become a New York banker, negotiated a loan and began buying his father's stock. Soon he had enough shares to take command and make himself Kinsman's chairman, succeeding his father. Steinbrenner realized that if he could get a new law through Congress, one that gave the Great Lakes fleets the same breaks as oceangoing ones, there would be a big boom in Great Lakes shipping.

In 1964 Steinbrenner got himself elected to the board of the Lake Carriers Association and began to lobby tirelessly in Washington for a change in the law. Three years later he engineered a takeover of the American Ship Building Company, an industry giant. Eighteen days after assuming the presidency, Steinbrenner announced that the firm had won a contract to build an enormous ore-hauling ship for U.S. Steel. Finally, his lobbying paid off. The Maritime Act of 1970 gave Great Lakes carriers the government tax breaks and subsidies they'd long coveted.

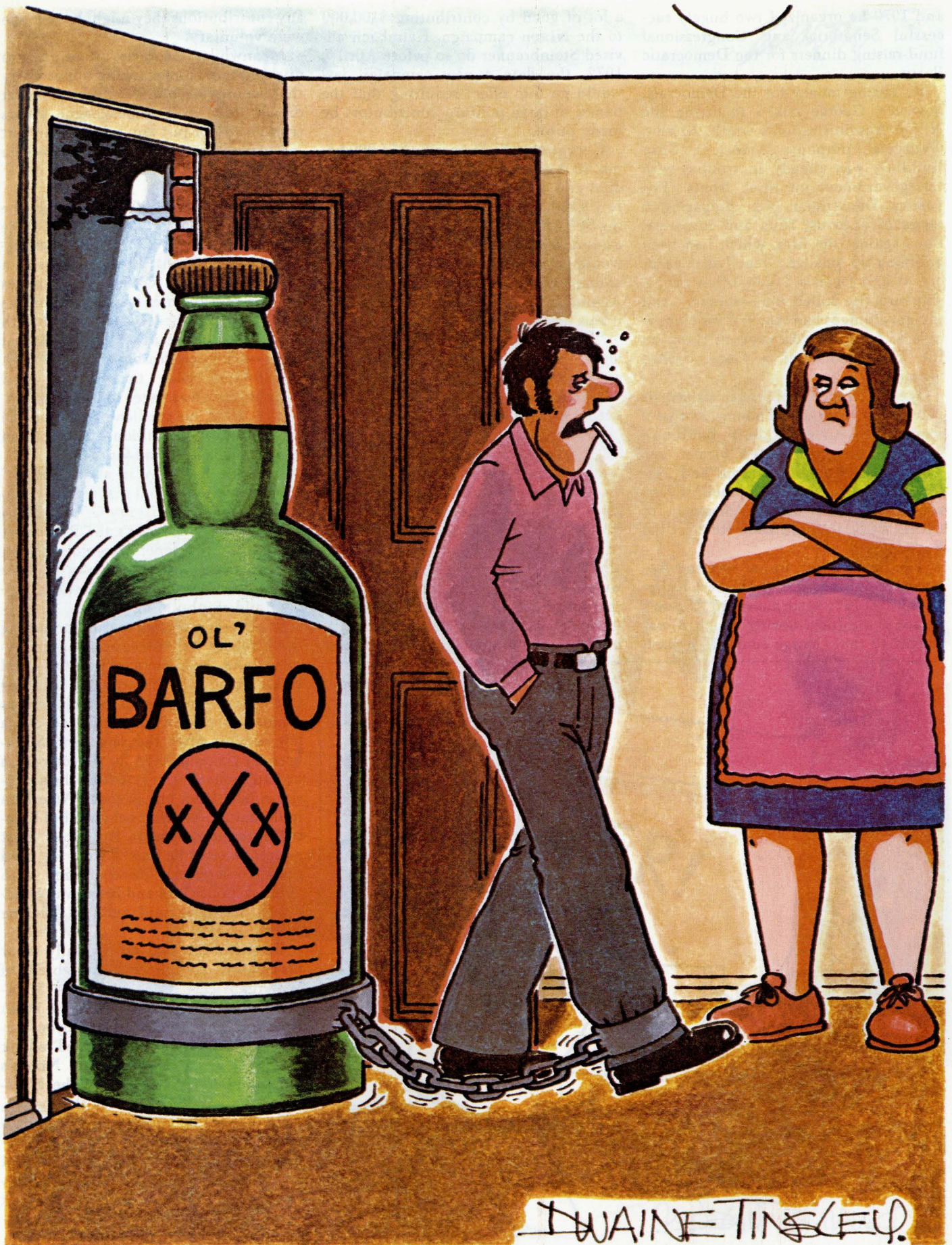
The culmination of much hard work paid off handsomely. Only eight years after Steinbrenner had earned \$22,000 a year on his dad's payroll, he'd become a millionaire—the head of a major ship-building concern that was about to make greater sums of money than ever before. Just as satisfying was the fact that he'd done it on his own, without the guiding hand of his father.

Having made himself rich, Steinbrenner sought greater public visibility and the fame that went along with it. Politics looked like a good way to begin. In 1969



"Picking the right part of town . . . finding a good hiding spot . . . Oh, believe me, rape is no easy job!"





"You're always on my ass about my 'drinking problem'! What drinking problem?!"



and 1970 he organized two hugely successful Senatorial and Congressional fund-raising dinners for the Democratic Party.

By raising money for the Democrats, however, George risked incurring the Nixon Administration's wrath. In fact, George's company, American Ship Building, was already in trouble with the government on three fronts. The Justice Department was preparing a series of antitrust suits and investigations against the firm, which had been gobbling up smaller Great Lakes carriers. It also faced a \$10,000 fine after a shipyard fire killed four workers. And the government had rejected the company's \$5.4-million cost-overrun claim on the construction of a Coast Guard vessel.

To seek help, Steinbrenner visited his New York attorney, Thomas Evans, a member of American Ship Building's board of directors and a former law partner of Richard Nixon and Attorney General John Mitchell. Evans was also deputy finance chairman of CREEP—the Committee to Re-elect the President.

The lawyer set up a meeting between Steinbrenner and Herbert Kalmbach, CREEP's chairman and Nixon's personal attorney, during which it was suggested that George could do himself

a lot of good by contributing \$100,000 to the Nixon campaign. Kalmbach advised Steinbrenner do so before April 7, 1972, the date a new campaign law would go into effect requiring that the names of large political contributors be made public.

George awarded himself a \$75,000 bonus as American Ship Building's president and wrote a check in that amount to CREEP. He also gave bonuses totaling \$25,000 to eight employees, with the understanding that this money too would go to CREEP. The phony bonuses amounted to a direct contribution from American Ship Building—even though it was against the law to do so.

"My lawyers told me it was perfectly legal," Steinbrenner said later. "They gave me written and oral permission."

That proved to be bad advice—if, indeed, he ever received such advice. Indications are George knew when he pulled off the bonus scam that such political contributions were illegal, since he doctored the minutes of the board meeting at which he awarded himself the \$75,000. Also, he destroyed the records of the other \$25,000 in phony bonuses. The eight employees who received them were forced to sign a statement saying that no official of American Ship Building had asked them to make any charitable or political contributions and that

any contributions they might have made were voluntary.

Meanwhile, George's attention was diverted to a moneymaking opportunity that would let him fulfill his fondest dream: to own a major-league sports team. And not just any team either, but the legendary New York Yankees—the General Motors of baseball.

After paying \$13.2 million for the Yankees in 1964, CBS had turned the once-mighty team into a bunch of disheartened also-rans. In eight years as a CBS property the closest the Yankees got to a World Series was turning on the TV. They finished better than fourth only once. One year they finished in last place—the worst season in their history.

CBS was ready to sell out. And Steinbrenner was eager to buy. On January 3, 1973, his syndicate acquired the Yankees for \$10 million—\$3.2 million less than CBS had paid for them.

"It's the best buy in sports today," Steinbrenner said, and that was no exaggeration. Even old Henry G. Steinbrenner was impressed. "It's the first smart thing he's ever done," the old man observed, disregarding the way George had built Kinsman Marine into a shipping and shipbuilding empire.

"George's principal reason for buying the Yankees was to cease being anonymous and become a celebrity," said Mike Burke, who had run the team for CBS and been part of Steinbrenner's syndicate before being squeezed out a few months after the sale. And Steinbrenner accomplished his objective—as he had so many others. Before the acquisition he'd been one of many American millionaires. As principal owner of baseball's greatest team in America's most populous city, he was a star. He held press conferences. He socialized with athletes, politicians and Broadway headliners. What he said and did became news.

But before he was able to fully savor his celebrity status, the dark umbrella of Watergate cast its shadow over Steinbrenner. On September 5, 1973, eight American Ship Building employees appeared before a grand jury called to look into illegal contributions to Nixon's 1972 campaign. The next day the *Washington Star-News* ran a story that began, "The Watergate grand jury is probing a secret \$100,000 Nixon campaign donation made by officials of a Cleveland ship company while the firm was trying—without success—to win payment of a \$5-million cost overrun on a government contract."

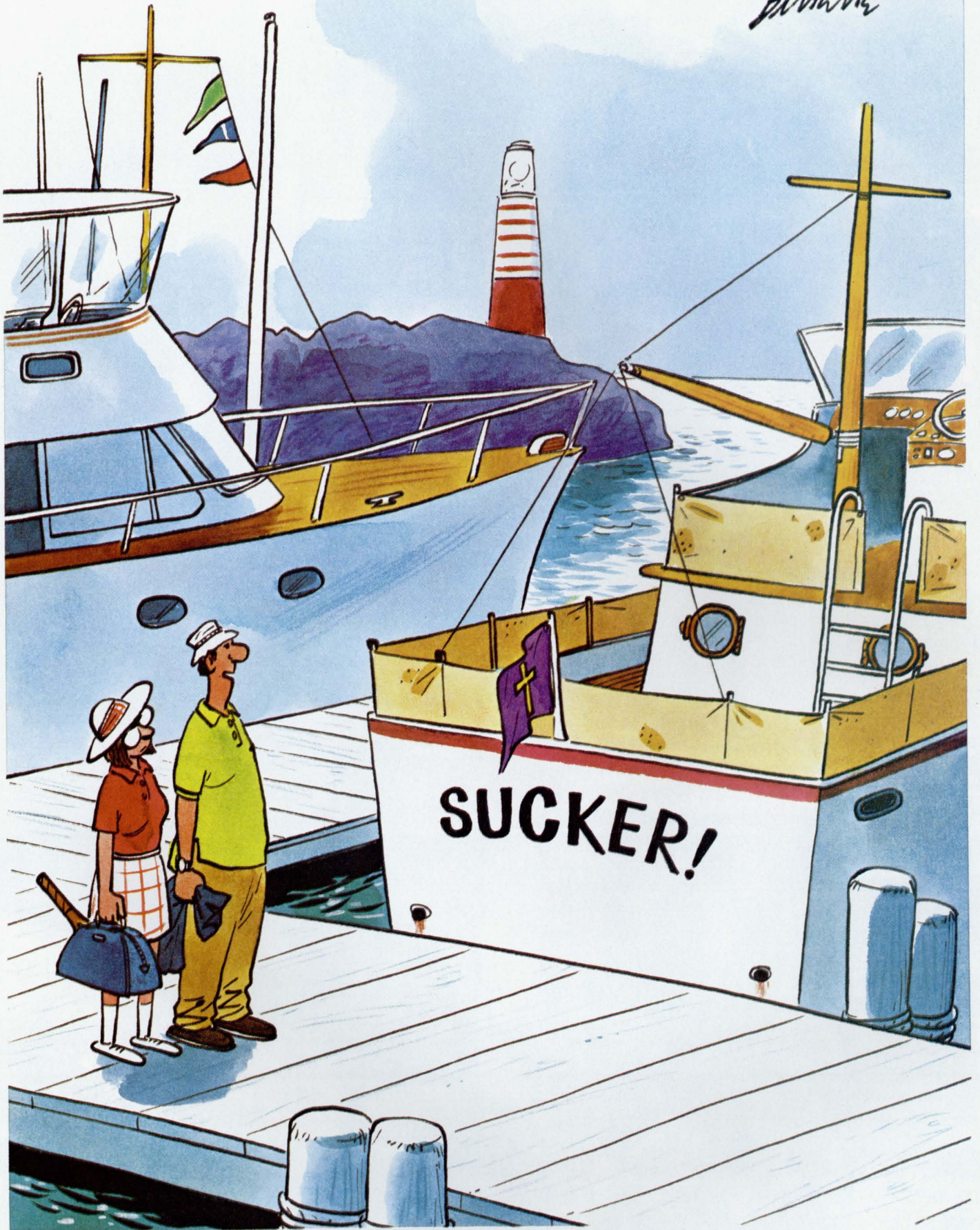
In early 1974 Herbert Kalmbach—the man who had solicited the donation

(continued on page 108)





*Bill Mutt*



"That's Jerry Falwell's yacht!"









# **IMPOVERISHED AMERICANS:** **A Firsthand Report**

**by Bob Allen**

**I**t was a sight to behold, that day in the spring of 1964 when the Presidential helicopter landed on a high-school athletic field smack in the middle of rural Appalachia. Out stepped Lyndon B. Johnson, wearing a look of resolve on his craggy face and determined to personally declare his administration's "War on Poverty"—a key portion of the much-heralded Great Society program.

A flag-flying motorcade sped him to the tiny, remote community of Inez in Martin County, Kentucky, then considered to be among the nation's poorest areas. Johnson asked to be taken to the home of one of the most impoverished families. Followed by reporters, he was led to the dilapidated shack on Rockcastle Creek where Tom Fletcher, a 38-year-old sawmill worker, and his wife raised eight ragged, malnourished children on \$400 a year.

With the sort of reverent tones that politicians reserve for such occasions, Johnson explained to the vaguely comprehending Fletcher that he was there to rescue him from the dire straits of despair. He promised to bring the entire troubled region of Appalachia headlong into the 20th century. Soon the tired, weather-beaten face of Tom Fletcher, photographed on his sagging front porch, flashed across television screens and dominated newspaper front pages around the nation. He became engraved on America's collective conscience as the symbol of rural poverty.

Since Johnson's proclamation the federal government has funneled billions of dollars into Appalachia. More than \$100 million has gone to Martin County alone. Yet for Tom Fletcher, now 56, there are few signs of progress.

On a hot summer afternoon many dogs sleep in the dirt surrounding his still-sagging front porch. Flies and blood-sucking mosquitoes buzz around his shack—which, by appearances, hasn't had a fresh

Photography by Drew Leviton



coat of paint since LBJ's historic visit. Just inside the screenless front door Fletcher sits unshaven in a dirty T-shirt, watching TV. He doesn't have a job and hasn't had one in some time.

The sad fact is that despite massive government expenditures, Tom Fletcher remains tragically symbolic of far too many of the 19 million inhabitants of Appalachia. Despite small pockets of prosperity that came with a dramatic rise in the price of high-grade coal following the 1974 OPEC oil embargo, this relatively isolated mountain region—comprising all of West Virginia and parts of Kentucky, Tennessee and ten other states—is basically unchanged.

With an astonishing 31.8 million Americans now living below the poverty level, the plight of the rural poor here and elsewhere is apt to go even more unnoticed.

Today Appalachia continues to be a region stranded precariously between an unsatisfying past and an even more uncertain future. Crude shacks with broken or missing windowpanes; rusting mobile homes; and dirty children with rotting teeth, hollow eyes and other symptoms of malnutrition are still all-too-common a sight. They create an eerie, troubling, Third World atmosphere that seems out of place in late-20th-century America. These symptoms

of a sordid culture of dependency are also a grim reminder that the federal government is quickly losing ground in the war on poverty.

Over the years, in none-too-subtle ways, the cards have quietly been stacked against its residents in their desperate struggle for self-sufficiency. Nearly 72% of Appalachia's land surface and 84% of its mineral rights are owned by absentee corporations. Two-thirds of its communities rely upon just one industry—coal—while the other one-third has no industry at all. Housing is substandard, and in some counties as much as 80% of the population lives in mobile homes. During the past 130 years an estimated \$500 billion in coal and timber has been pillaged and hauled away from this beleaguered and long-forgotten area. It remains—as noted Kentucky lawyer and author Harry Caudill described it some years ago—"an unconscionable paradox: a people who have grown shockingly poor in a land stuffed with valuable natural resources."

\* \* \*

Situated in the remote coal fields of eastern Kentucky, just across the Tug River from West Virginia, Martin County serves as a microcosm for the glaring contrasts of poverty and affluence that have fallen unevenly across the face of Appalachia. Tiny com-

munities—places like Inez, Beauty and Lovely—have a curious boomtown atmosphere to them.

Narrow and treacherously crooked asphalt roads are pockmarked and dusty from the constant parade of huge coal trucks. Garbage, slag heaps and old abandoned cars litter the roadside at every turn. Much of the landscape visible from the paved roads has been twisted and scarred by coal-related excavations. Shiny mobile homes and hastily constructed commercial structures with hand-painted signs often stand side by side with abandoned old frame houses—harsh reminders of the rampant poverty that preceded the 1970s coal boom.

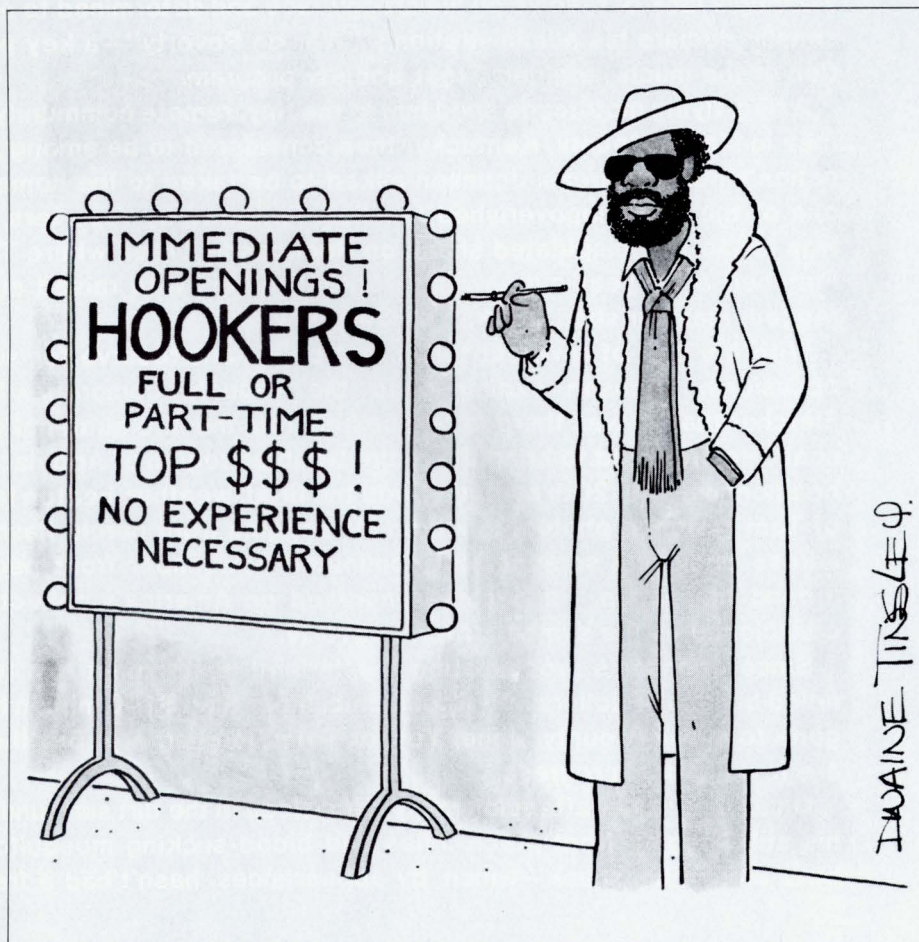
Beyond the pothole-rutted roads that run up the surrounding hollows, a visitor can see brand-new \$80,000 brick homes and polished late-model cars. These are the status symbols of the handful of Martin County residents who have shared in the prosperity brought by the area's abundant supply of high-grade, low-sulfur coal.

Despite the billions of dollars in coal profits reaped from Martin County every year, practically none of this wealth has been pumped back into the community. The town of Inez still does not have a sewer system, a central water system or a hospital—basic amenities that most cities outside Appalachia take for granted. Only 700 of the county's 4,400 housing units are classified as "sound" by the government. Just 20% of them have septic tanks, and in many cases untreated sewage runs into the ground and is eventually deposited directly into streams and rivers. The potential for the spread of disease is all too real.

Farther down the road from the new brick homes sit the filthy shacks and wasted wooden frame houses of residents left untouched by the coal boom. In them live the people who vainly wait for the so-called trickle-down benefits to arrive at the bottom of the economic pyramid—part of the questionable theory so avidly promoted by the Reagan Administration.

One whose subsistent lifestyle remains the same is 62-year-old Josephine Luster. She and her 68-year-old husband, Tea, live in an ancient, sun-bleached house with no running water or indoor plumbing. Their home is surrounded by a large vegetable garden littered with debris. Typical of many in the area who left Martin County 20 years ago in search of work, they finally found jobs at an Armour meat-packing plant in Ohio. When the plant closed, the Lusters returned home with meager savings.

They somehow manage to support





themselves and their young grandson (whose mother died recently) on a paltry Social Security pension, a small monthly allotment of food stamps and AFDC (Aid for Families With Dependent Children) benefits.

"We was a little better off before the coal mining came," says Mrs. Luster. "As far as things gettin' better around here, I don't believe there is no better for us. I believe it's gonna get worse."

It was in 1973, after the OPEC oil embargo sent the price of coal soaring to \$65 a ton—more than double what it was before—that the Norfolk & Western Railroad extended a branch line into Martin County, and serious coal-mining activity began. Before that, coal production in the county was minimal—barely 35,000 tons a year. Today the annual haul is 13.5 million tons, making Martin the state's second-highest coal-producing county.

Yet even those who are reaping the short-term boom-time benefits remain uneasy about their newfound prosperity. One such skeptic is Rufus Reed, a retired mining surveyor. At 87, he has known the surrounding hills and hollows since long before either Lyndon B. Johnson or the coal companies set foot in them.

Seated in the comfortable living room of his small home in the tiny community of Lovely, Reed also remembers how the money-hungry coal companies came and wreaked havoc on the landscape—lopping off the tops of mountains, destroying homes and plowing up old family graveyards in their relentless quest for wealth beneath the ground.

"These streams used to be crystal clear," he sighs, pointing out the window toward the fast-moving tributary of the Tug River flowing nearby. "They used to be full of fish and frogs. But now they're too muddy for fish, and you don't hear any frogs at all. Martin County is more prosperous today. But God knows what will happen when the coal is gone, when all the topsoil is washed away and the streams are clogged."

Welder Monroe Cassady, who is 46 years younger than Reed, holds a similar view. "The boom is over with," he observes, noting recent labor cutbacks by several local firms and the present glut of coal on the national and international markets. "There wasn't nothin' here when they started mining coal, and there won't be nothin' left when the coal companies leave. I may not even have a job here when that happens, but I'll just go out of state and follow construction again if I have to. At least we've had nice homes and new cars and have been able to enjoy the years that the coal has been here."

# Faces of Despair

"Ninety-nine percent of these folks are honest people who want to work but are having lots of trouble making ends meet," says Karen Braswell, a community activist with a nonprofit organization called the Tennessee Hunger Coalition. "Contrary to what some people might think, they're not getting rich off welfare. In fact, they're not even living. They're just *existing*."



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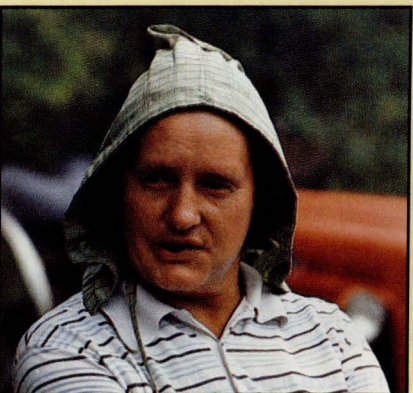


B

Edith Jones (A) lives in Hancock County, Tennessee, a region struggling along at a subsistence level. Government benefits, in many cases, are the only thing preventing the bottom from falling out completely in places like Gravelly Valley (B). The Moore family—Gladys, Annie and Virgil—are impoverished residents of Martin County (C). They have much in common with Hancock County's Betty Jo Thacker (D) and George and Suzie Presley (E). "If you have 5,000 unemployed in Dayton, Ohio, the uproar is terrific," says a veteran observer of this desolate landscape. "But nobody cares about 50,000 underemployed on farms in Appalachia."



C



D



E



An Appalachian for whom the coal prosperity has meant neither a reprieve nor an escape from poverty is Clarence Luster, 31, one of the five living children of Tea and Josephine Luster. The only work he can find is part-time, \$3-an-hour employment running a back hoe. In the meantime, he dreams of a high-paying nighttime job on an illegal strip-mining operation. His meager income, along with a \$270 monthly food-stamp allotment, is all that he has to support his wife and three children.

"There ain't no way to get a job in coal mining unless you know somebody," he says. "Things ain't gonna get no better for us. But I know one thing: I'll go out and steal before I see my family go hungry!"

Since 1979, 3 million more American citizens have slid below the poverty line. Many of them, like Clarence Luster, seem destined to stay there as the sweeping reductions in federal assistance programs push them further and further into a crippling mire of helplessness.

Among the most devastating cutbacks are \$2.2 billion in the 1981-82 food-stamp program (the number of households receiving food stamps or AFDC benefits in Martin County alone has already been reduced by nearly 20%). Also eliminated in 1982 were \$1.2 billion in AFDC programs, \$2 billion in Medicaid

benefits and \$2 billion in federal job-training programs.

"We can't make it on our own," says Robert Duncan of the Inez Deposit Bank. "A strong economy may have its trickle-down effects, but government will still have a major role to play if this region is to survive."

\* \* \*

Knowing that the roots of Appalachia's problems go back nearly 200 years makes it easier to understand why two decades of federal antipoverty programs and the unpredictable boom and bust cycles of the coal market have done so little to eradicate them.

The first settlers who penetrated the rugged Appalachian frontier found land covered by lush forests of towering oaks and poplar trees. The ground foliage was so dark and dense that it resembled a tropical jungle. The virgin soil was rich beyond expectations, and the streams were abundant with fish.

Many of Appalachia's earliest white inhabitants had been street orphans, debtors or petty criminals in the Old World before being signed or shanghaied into indentureship in the colonies. Once they had earned their freedom, these unskilled immigrants sought escape from what they considered to be the oppressive religious, social and legal structures of the English- and Dutch-

dominated settlements along the East Coast.

In this primitive setting they arrived usually with nothing more than a few possessions strapped on a mule. The average settler, as Harry Caudill described him in *Night Comes to the Cumberlands*, was "loud-mouthed, profane, vulgar and short-tempered. He honored few memories and generally disdained religion short of the deathbed. In some important respects he was less civilized than his red foe."

Homemade corn liquor was a staple for these early settlers. It relieved boredom and fired their warlike, anti-authoritarian instincts. Preachers who came to convert them were often harassed at gunpoint or, in a few cases, actually murdered. Formal education was unheard of. At the time of the Civil War barely 10% of them could even write their names, and illiteracy remained rampant well into the 20th century.

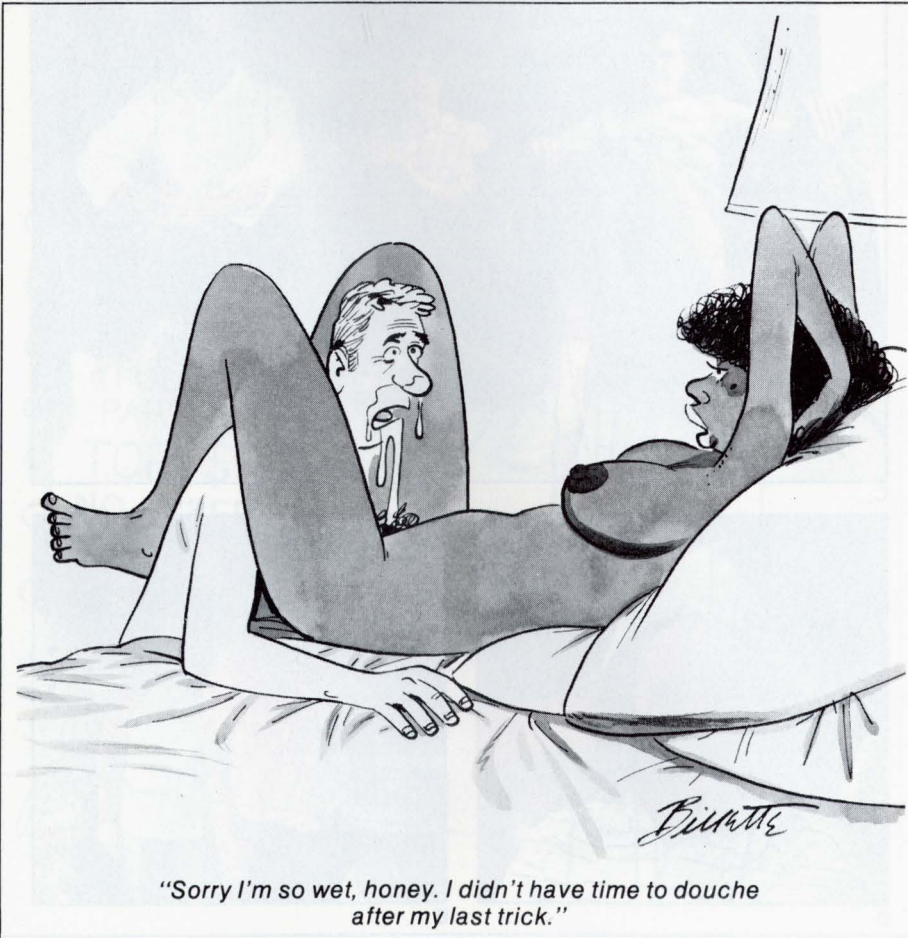
Family loyalties also ran deep, and the early Appalachians tended to fight just as bitterly among themselves as they did with the Indians. The legendary Hatfield-McCoy Feud (which took more than 65 lives) was one of many bloody struggles that caused the ridgetops to echo with gunfire.

The Appalachians went about their wild, rugged existence practically unnoticed and unmolested by the rest of the country until the late 19th century. With the advent of the Industrial Revolution came a sudden nationwide demand for two of the basic building blocks of modern society, both of which Appalachia had in abundance: timber and coal.

Representatives of Northern firms were soon combing the mountainsides and hollows of Kentucky and Tennessee. Offering the temptation of hard cash—a scarce commodity in these isolated agricultural regions—they were able to buy up the ignorant mountaineers' timber and mineral rights for as little as 50¢ an acre. The standard deed—which few of the locals could have read even if they had bothered to try—not only gave out-of-state firms rights to the timber and coal, but also allowed them to disturb the land in whatever manner deemed necessary.

"The old-timers gave their coal away and allowed the companies to destroy the land to get at it," Rufus Reed explains. "They had spent their whole lives raising and tending little patches of corn without ever realizing that just a few feet underground was the real wealth."

As the widespread ruination of the land began, residents found themselves  
(continued on page 130)







"This isn't K-Y Jelly. It's Crazy Glue!"





# ELIZABETHAN

PERIOD  
PIECE





Photography by Clive McLean
















A woman with long, wavy brown hair and bangs is sitting on a bed in a Renaissance-style costume. She is wearing a white, ruffled, low-cut dress with white thigh-high stockings and white high-heeled shoes. She is holding a lute and looking directly at the camera. The background features a wooden chair, a window with a diamond-patterned lattice, and a painting on the wall. A small table next to her holds a silver cup and a plate of fruit.

**I** guess I'm attracted to the Renaissance because it was such a sensual time," says Elizabeth, brushing a wisp of luxurious brown hair from her face. "The streets were filled with poets and troubadors who told tales of love and conquest from all over the world." This seems to be a pretty strange fantasy for such a modern woman, but Elizabeth just laughs. "I think in a previous life I must have been a kept maiden, a poor girl taken in by some great lord to be pampered and made love to. I'd spend my whole day babying myself and dreaming up new ways to please my master when he returned. They used to take their lovemaking very seriously back then." A beautiful woman whose only responsibility is thinking of new ways to turn on her man? Maybe there's a lot to learn from the past, after all.























# CHESTER THE MOLESTER







Illustration by John Andrews



# *Danger in Paris*



Fiction by Michael Burren



**B**loody rain!" Timothy Leigh-Browne muttered grumpily. He hung his wet Burberry topcoat on the clothes tree in the British ambassador's outer office and waited for the envoy's secretary to announce his arrival. As far as he was concerned, his mission in Paris had already started badly.

His plane had landed during a heavy downpour, and his carefully shined Oxfords were spotted by the rain. He hated looking anything less than his best when meeting a top government official. And, in fact, he could usually be proud of his appearance: Leigh-Browne was tall, somewhat thin, with a noble profile and a deeply cleft chin. A touch of prematurely gray hair at the temples added to his general air of upper-class distinction.

The secretary reappeared and held the door open for him. "Leigh-Browne!" the ambassador exclaimed. "Dear fellow, what a pleasant surprise." As the visitor entered the room, Sir Richard stepped forward and shook his hand.

"Good show," Sir Richard said. "Glad you're here. Do sit down!"

"Mr. Ambassador, as you know, I've come to work on that fishing-agreement paper."

"Ah, yes—fishing! Certainly, my dear boy. Mustn't let those French pirates fish us out, what?" Sir Richard squinted at the ornate clock on the marble fire-

place. "Well, I won't keep you. I suppose you want to settle in."

As they walked to the door, Sir Richard touched Leigh-Browne's sleeve. "Almost forgot. We're having a small reception this evening. Mostly diplomats. But there should be a few smashing women about. Care to come?"

"With pleasure," Leigh-Browne said.

"Good. Sevenish then?"

"I look forward to it."

After Leigh-Browne left, Sir Richard returned to his desk, picked up the telephone and dialed his commercial counselor. "Hello, Lacey? Sir Richard here. I've just had a visit from Timothy Leigh-Browne."

He paused to listen, then cut in. "I must get ready for the reception. Yes, I did invite him. He loves that sort of thing. He's a bit of a cookie pusher, you know—a social butterfly."

Timothy Leigh-Browne's superiors—and he himself—would have been pleased to hear the ambassador's insult. It was nice to have a cover that worked. But then, it had been planned that way by the wizards in the back room at MI6—the overseas arm of Britain's Secret Intelligence Service.

The "cookie pusher" cover had begun as a minor joke, but it had worked so well that his superiors were impressed. As one MI6 planning officer had put it,

"Anyone who tries to push that cookie will regret it."

"You're late!" \* \* \* Desmond Mellish snapped as Leigh-Browne stepped into a brightly lighted, top-secret office in the embassy basement.

"Had to kiss up the ambassador," Leigh-Browne explained.

Mellish glared. As senior MI6 officer in France, he ran a tight ship. Normally, he occupied a more-luxurious office upstairs, as the embassy's first secretary. But his real work was done in this MI6 office known as the Pit.

Leigh-Browne nodded to Mellish's assistant, Captain Smith, as he sat down. Mellish got right to it: "Did the ambassador invite you to the reception?"

"Yes."

"Good. Perfect place to contact your target. Andrei Tovma is a most obnoxious KGB type, but I'll admit he's one of the best men in Russian intelligence. Worked out of their consulate in Marseilles before he came to Paris. We are to compromise old Andrei so his usefulness to Mother Russia is totally ruined—and do it so it will stick. A few years back we might have planted the bastard for good. But things have changed now. This time we'll play on their own suspicions. Once Tovma is drugged, we'll buy him a nice tattoo."

"Tattoo?"

"Yes, Timothy. How do you think one of Russia's top spies will look with a Union Jack engraved on his chest?"

Clearly, Mellish wasn't joking. But—the Union Jack! Leigh-Browne cocked his head. "Are you serious?" He had assumed he'd be leading Tovma into a classic compromise situation: planted documents or a photographed sexual encounter with a cooperative prostitute.

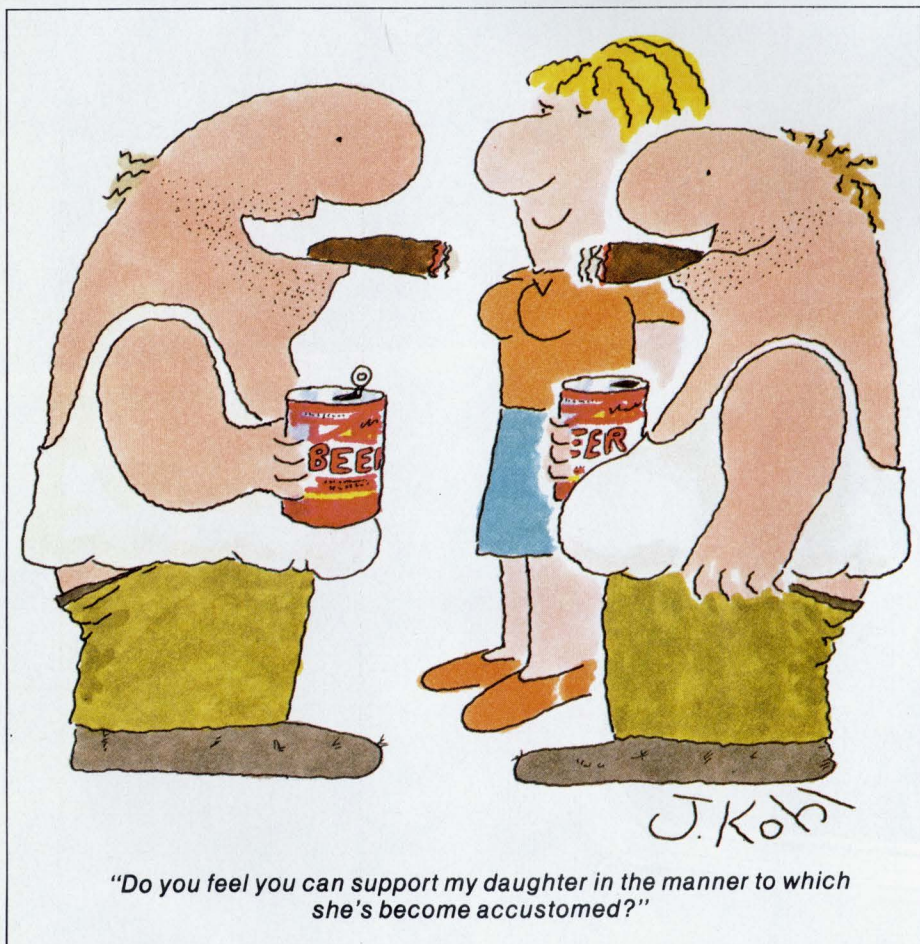
Mellish smiled. "I am. Put yourself in Tovma's place for a moment. Suppose we found you drugged and unconscious on a public bench in some Iron Curtain capital, with the hammer and sickle permanently etched on your pectorals? Do you honestly believe our broad-minded superiors would look on you without suspicion? Not bloody likely! Imagine what will be waiting for Tovma."

Leigh-Browne sighed. "I'm afraid I still don't understand," he said hesitantly. "Where do I come in on this?"

"Really rather simple," Mellish went on. "A woman would be too obvious, and besides, Tovma considers himself a gourmet. We've dropped it that you, in addition to being the visiting economics expert Robert Leyton, are an authority on Paris' finest restaurants. He can't wait to cross forks with you."

Leigh-Browne smiled, finally begin-

(continued on page 88)







# == NAVAL == MANEUVERS

Photography by Suze Randall







**A**s soon as she eyes the full, rounded curves beneath the fabric of the young ensign's uniform, the female Naval lieutenant almost forgets that the girl is there for disciplinary action. Both feel the deep ache of so many long, lonely nights without men. Just the touch of the lieutenant's stick sends a jolt of excitement through the ensign's entire body, and soon the lieutenant is searching out the tender, moist flesh between her thighs. A hot liquid warmth spreads through the young woman's pelvis as the lieutenant's experienced tongue plays over her quivering lips. But still, the ensign must be punished. The whip of the stick only inflames them more until their mounting pleasure bursts, and they collapse on the couch. So *this is what they call a "dressing down,"* thinks the ensign as the last wave of orgasm ripples through her body.





































## DANGER IN PARIS

(continued from page 76)

ning to enjoy the joke. "What's his current cover?"

"Assistant cultural attache. Handles the ballet visits, Red Army Choir and all that rubbish."

"You're sure he's not onto us?"

"Fortunately, he thinks we're all clods—overbred capitalist innocents, weak and easy to deceive. And when he gets on the subject of food, he loses his head! We've passed the word that you know an undiscovered jewel of a restaurant on the Left Bank."

"Les Alpilles?"

"Right. Anne's bistro."

Leigh-Browne remembered Anne Chambers: a vivacious, chain-smoking director of archives who provided vital information quickly when it was needed. Despite her good looks, she'd been retired three years earlier by a new director of personnel who believed in young blood. Everyone had regretted her departure, but they were happy when she fulfilled a lifelong dream by opening a restaurant in Paris.

"What if Tovma's not free to go to Anne's tonight?" Leigh-Browne asked.

"Then it's tomorrow night or Wednesday night. We *want* the bastard!"

"I see."

Mellish continued, "Anne is in the act... up to a point. You won't be armed. But I'll have two of my people standing by in the kitchen if you need a bit of brawn. Tovma will get his drowsy pop with the after-dinner coffee; it should keep him out till we're through."

"It sounds too easy," Leigh-Browne muttered.

"Yes, it does," Mellish agreed. "But you are indispensable to the operation. I can't have any of my local station people directly involved. Besides, *you're* the great sophisticate and epicure. And best of all, it's quick and discreet: You're here, you're out, and that's that."

Leigh-Browne smoothed his hair. "So it's dinner, drink, sleepy-bye and safe house?"

"Yes—the farm near Chevreuse. A tattoo artist will be there to do the job."

"If I wrap things up so quickly and leave, the ambassador will wonder why I've rushed off, won't he?"

"Not to worry. We'll handle Sir Richard."

Leigh-Browne sighed. "Well, I'd best get to my hotel and change for the reception. Anything else?"

Desmond Mellish pursed his lips. "Just one thing. I suggest you stick strictly to business this time around. No Miss McCallister."

"Right you are."

After the door had closed behind Leigh-Browne, Mellish shook his head disapprovingly. "Cheeky bastard!"

"You don't feel we should tell him?" Captain Smith asked.

"Not at all," Mellish told his assistant. "Too chancy. We want him to operate naturally. The only way to smoke out the agent working with Tovma is to bring him to the surface this way. He could even be Tovma's superior. You know how they operate. And the other fellow's the one we must have."

"Whoever he is," Mellish continued, "he knows far too much about our shop, and we've got to stop him. I won't have any more of our people being killed because of him. Wilde and McAuliffe were very good men."

Captain Smith remained skeptical. "But all this gourmet rot. Really, do you think it will work?"

"It'll work with Tovma, all right. And from what I know, where Tovma goes so goes our mystery man."

"But what about Leigh-Browne? He's not even aware of the risk he's taking."

"*Everything* is risky in this business, as you should well know," Mellish sighed, picking up a sheaf of papers from his desk. "But don't worry—we'll be on top of it."

\* \* \*

Leigh-Browne retraced his steps and paused for a moment in the main hall, hesitating. *The hell with Mellish!* he thought.

Doreen McAllister was at her desk in the visa section—taffy hair falling over her shoulders, a designer dress of green silk clinging to her in the right places. She was concentrating on a reference card and didn't see him for a few seconds. It gave the agent time to appreciate her again. When she did look up, it was even better: the widely spaced blue eyes and the dark tan that he knew was unmarred by bikini marks. She put the card aside and stood up.

"Timothy," she chided with a smile, "have they sent you away from London for being naughty?"

"Hello, Doreen. No, I'm just here for a few days." He was busy taking in her firm breasts, the small waist and the swell of her hips.

Noticing, she shook her head. "You haven't changed!"

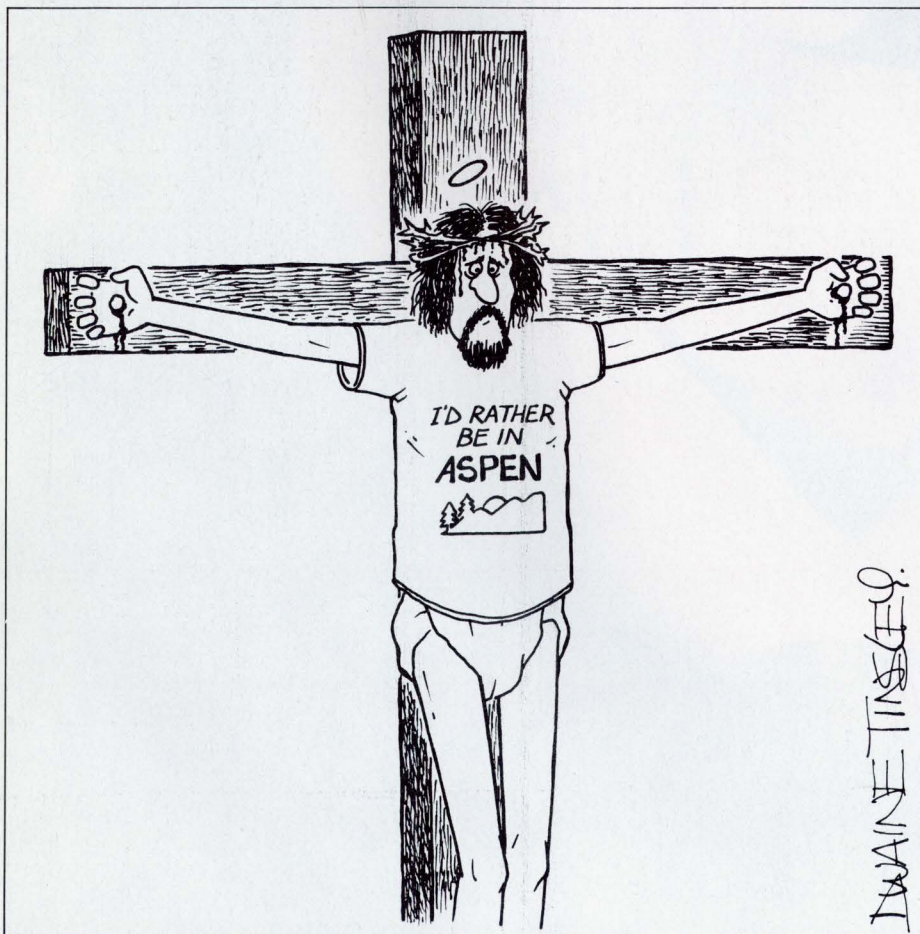
"No, I suppose not. Are you going to His Excellency's reception tonight?"

"Not invited. We consular officers are a bit out of things. We can't match the social lions of the political section."

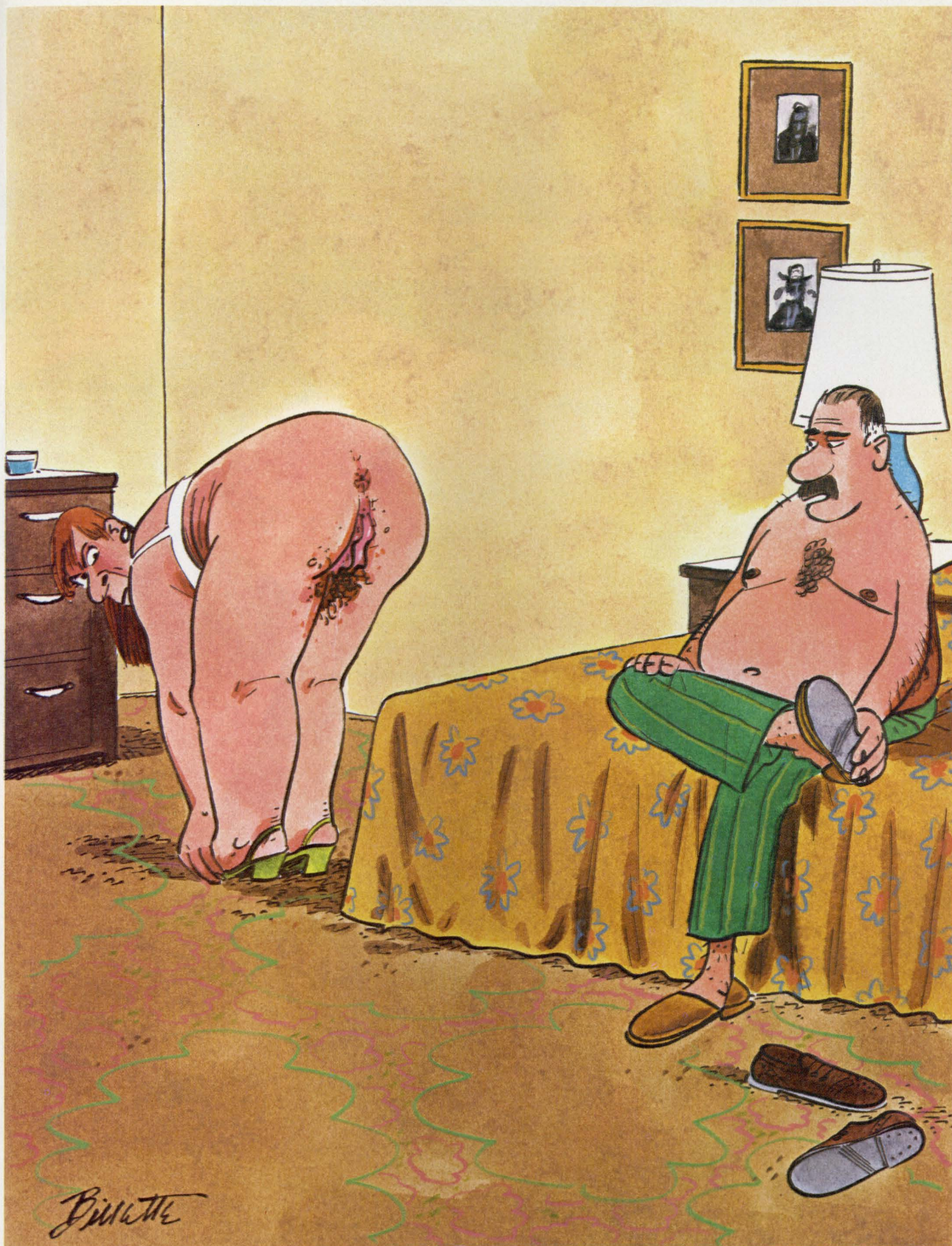
"Look—I've got to see you!" he said. She arched an eyebrow. "Come off it, Timothy. You're an actor and a cynic."

He shrugged. "Should have known

(continued on page 98)

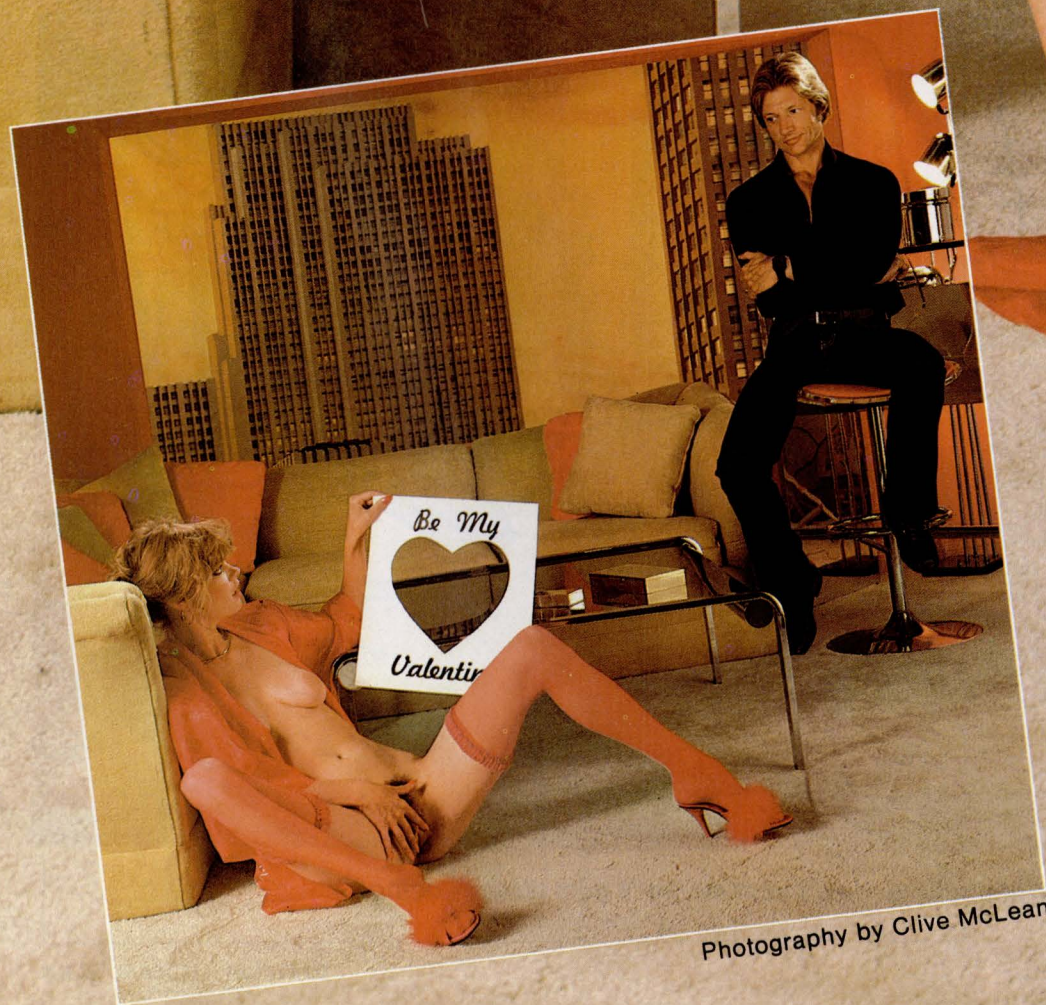






"That reminds me. How's your mother's gum disease doing?"





Photography by Clive McLean





*One  
From The  
Heart*

















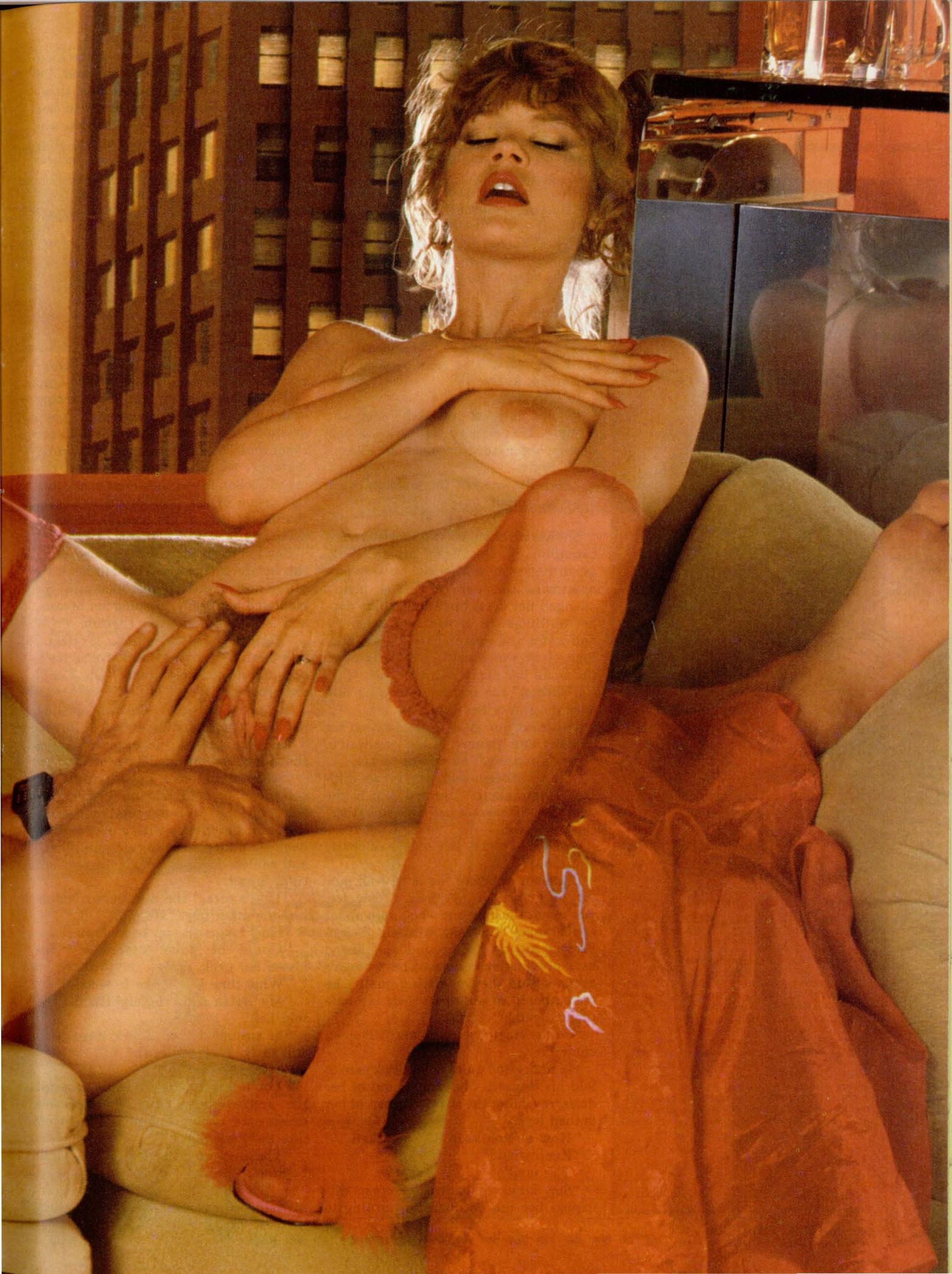


He came to her as if by magic—strong, masterful, towering. He took her without ceremony, his sure, firm hands spreading the tender flesh of her buttocks; and then she felt him, large and throbbing, entering her from behind, almost splitting her. Drained of her will, she surrendered to him completely as he molded her to suit his desire. He knew just how to touch her, how to take her in ways she'd never thought possible. Her every nerve was on fire, and she was reeling in the rush of blood passion.

Suddenly, he was gone, leaving her alone and wondering: Was it a dream, or the magic of a perfect Valentine?









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Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Hobbies \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

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Date \_\_\_\_\_

## DANGER IN PARIS

(continued from page 88)

better than to try my talents on you."

Doreen came around the desk and stood close enough for him to catch the scent of her perfume. "Do you love me?" she asked softly.

"No," he confessed.

"Do you want me?"

"Yes!"

"That's better," she said, chuckling.

"Truth will get you everything."

"It's been a long time," he smiled.

"Three months."

She glanced up at the wall clock.

"When is the reception?"

"Seven."

"I can pack it in here at 4:30. My apartment at five?"

"Perfect."

"Don't look so pleased," she said wryly. "It's enough to make a girl change her mind. Now clear off! I've got work to do."

Leigh-Browne left the embassy whistling to himself.

\* \* \*

Showered, changed and sporting a red carnation in the lapel of his dark, pinstriped suit, he knocked on Doreen's apartment door at 5:15. She hadn't changed her dress but admired his dapper outfit as she served him a scotch-and-water and poured herself a gin-and-lime. Just watching her move around the small bar excited him.

"Cheers," she toasted, watching him over the rim of her glass.

He raised his glass to her, sipped his whiskey and glanced at his wristwatch. "Time's passing," he reminded her.

"Oh, Timothy, you *can* be so difficult! Come along." She led him to the bedroom. "I haven't had time to bathe," she confessed.

"Good. I like the odor of basic femininity."

She paused before the large wall mirror to glance at her hair. "You see, you're not the only one who's vain about appearance!" she said, winking. Leigh-Browne swung her around and kissed her, pressing her close. The woman's eyes took on the smoldering quality he remembered so well from their intimate times together.

"Not taking off your jacket?" Doreen chided.

He undressed quickly but took care to fold his trousers. She slipped out of her dress, revealing the slender sweep of her tanned legs.

"How do you keep it?" he asked.

"Keep what?"

"The tan."

"Sun lamp, of course." Doreen discarded her bra and panties, turning to

face him wearing only a gold-chain necklace. She came to him, and he kissed her again, running his hand slowly over her shoulder and down to her breasts, feeling her nipples harden under his touch. She took hold of him, urging him toward the bed; he sat on the edge. She knelt before him, her hair fanning over his thighs, and took him into her warm mouth. Her practiced tongue sent ripples of pleasure through his body. He held her head lightly, watching the erotic vision of her pistonlike motion in the mirror with the intensity of both participant and voyeur.

"Enough," he finally whispered, lifting her onto the bed beside him. He kissed her breasts and ran his hand between her legs, finding a warm dampness as she opened, ready to receive him.

They made love on their sides, facing each other. It was slow and good. They devoured each other with deep kisses synchronized to their repeated coming together. After a while he sensed the urgent change in her response, the tightening of her grip on his buttocks, the quickening of her breath. He withdrew and rose on his knees.

She knew the signals. They had done this before. She reached behind her for a pillow and jammed it under her hips. He reentered her firmly, claspings her breasts, and fell into a pounding rhythm.

"Perfect," she murmured. "Perfect." Her teeth were bared, head arched back onto the sheets, eyes closed. "Oh, Tim!" she groaned. "Tim!"

He drove into her violently, feeling her rise to meet him on each thrust. Then they shared the explosion—the shattering summit of their passion.

Doreen didn't want to let him go. She continued to hold him tight, trying to ward off the pressures of time. They kissed in the silence with a new tenderness. He pulled away to catch his breath and smiled down at her. He kissed her right breast.

"That's nice," she murmured. "Now kiss the other one." He did.

"How long will you be in Paris?"

"Could be gone tomorrow." He kissed her neck.

"What time is it?" she frowned.

"My watch is on the nightstand," he told her.

She stretched over to pick it up. "It's still early. That settles it."

"Settles what?"

"You'll have to be stylishly late for the ambassador's party. I think we deserve an encore before you rush off into the Paris night."

"The pleasure," he whispered, "will be mine."

\* \* \*

Mellish's assistant, Captain Smith,



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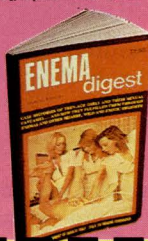
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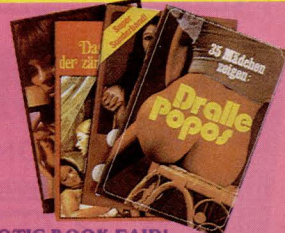
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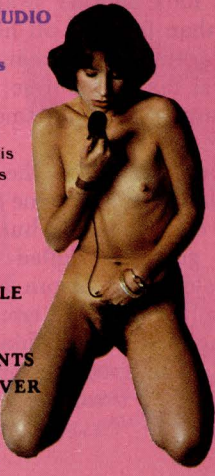
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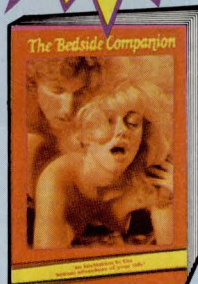
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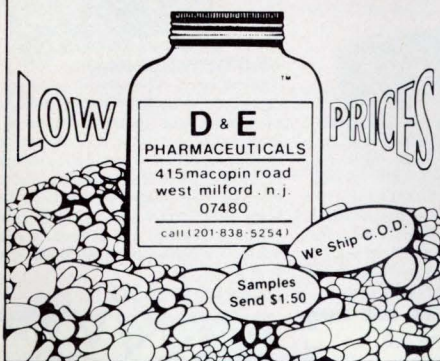
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hurried up to Leigh-Browne as he walked into the reception. Smith was resplendent in his Royal Marine dress uniform. "Tovma's here," he said quietly. "At the serving bar."

Leigh-Browne looked. There was no missing Andrei Tovma. He had the look of a walking potato dumpling.

"Well," Smith said, drifting off, "good hunting."

Leigh-Browne headed directly for Tovma through the well-dressed crowd and the busy, white-jacketed waiters. He arrived at the bar and ordered a Glenfiddich-and-water. He turned toward the Russian and raised his glass in a silent toast.

Tovma returned the toast with his champagne glass. "Nice party," he commented, examining Leigh-Browne carefully and moving a bit closer.

"His Excellency always has good scotch," the Englishman replied. "Pity you're on champagne."

"I find the head is clearer with this," Tovma explained. "I introduce myself: Andrei Tovma." He put his glass on the bar and took a wallet from his pocket. "My card, please." His pudgy fingers presented an engraved calling card.

"Thank you," Leigh-Browne said. "I'm Robert Leyton." They shook hands.

Tovma's small brown eyes had widened with interest. "Mr. Leyton! I have heard of you from your colleagues."

"Oh, really? Nothing bad, I hope. I'm glad to meet you." Leigh-Browne read Tovma's card before slipping it into his pocket. "So—you're on the cultural side?" he asked pleasantly, well aware that Tovma had once specialized in the elimination of Soviet dissidents living outside the USSR.

"Yes. Very interesting work, but very tiring. I hear you know Paris well."

"I suppose I do."

"And the restaurants?" the Russian insisted.

"Paris restaurants are my hobby."

"Hobby? I understand you are an expert!" Tovma exclaimed.

An African diplomat and his colorfully dressed wife passed between them. Tovma took Leigh-Browne's arm and led him to an uncrowded corner of the room. "Eating, for me, is more than a hobby," the Russian declared, holding his ample girth. "Perhaps we can dine together?"

"That would be most enjoyable," Leigh-Browne said politely.

"Are you free this evening?" Tovma asked.

"Well... it's a bit awkward. I do have another engagement, I'm afraid."

Tovma looked stricken. "But I am only free this night. I must go to Lyons on business first thing tomorrow."

"I see. Well, I suppose I can cancel my dinner."

"Excellent!" Tovma beamed. "You must pick the restaurant. I shall be your student."

"Of course. Shall we go in my car?"

"No," the Russian replied. "I will follow you."

\* \* \*

Their meal at Les Alpilles was a touch of sunshine in the gloom of the Paris winter. They nibbled olive tapenade on toast while waiting for a savory fish soup with thin noodles and garlicky aioli sauce. The sea bass with fennel arrived on the table sizzling. They washed it down with a bottle of white wine from the Bodin vineyard at Cassis.

The young roast lamb was crusted brown on the outside, its interior pink and tender, with just the right amount of flavor from the wild rosemary. A bottle of Gigondas, a hearty red wine from the Rhone Valley, accompanied the meat. And they merrily ordered another to go with the goat cheese.

Andrei Tovma was in a special heaven. He'd loosened his tie and his belt. A childlike smile greeted each new taste sensation. Beads of perspiration dotted his broad forehead. By the time they'd finished their chocolate mousse, Leigh-Browne felt a guarded sympathy for him. But the arrival of the drugged coffee with the snifter glasses of cognac brought his mind back to business.

The restaurant was now empty of all other customers. Anne Chambers, the proprietress and former British-intelligence archivist, had locked the door and was tidying up the small bar, a cigarette butt between her lips. She'd let her waiters go and had served the coffee herself. Leigh-Browne lifted his glass of cognac and inhaled its aroma. "To you, Andrei," he smiled.

"Ah, my good English friend! It is to you that I drink," the Russian replied.

The cognac went down well. Leigh-Browne savored its smoothness. He sipped the coffee, watching for Tovma to drink his.

Tovma lifted his cup and drank. The MI6 agent took another swallow of cognac and then finished off his coffee as an encouragement to Tovma. But the Russian was taking his time; he lighted a dark cigarette and blew smoke toward the ceiling.

Something other than the smoke began to cloud Leigh-Browne's view. He blinked to clear the haze, but it was persistent—a gray fog dulled his vision. The tablecloth had begun to undulate like a swelling sea. He could feel his head tilting forward, his chin resting on his collar. The gray became a solid,

(continued on page 106)



# Beaver Hunt

Want to know a perfect way to say "Be my Valentine" to your favorite Beaver? Just snap her color photo and send it to us! If we print it, we'll send her \$50. Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-model's rates. All submissions become the nonre-

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Photo by Boyfriend



Lauren, 19, dreams of being "stranded on an island alone with a lot of horny natives." A computer operator from Sunnyvale, California, Lauren enjoys sex, painting and shopping.

Photo by Tony



Boating, motorcycling and "erotic lovemaking" are 23-year-old Debbie's hobbies. This Louisville, Kentucky, resident says her fantasy is "to make love on a bluff overlooking the water."



Photo by S. S.



Sandy Ann is a 21-year-old student from Akron, Ohio, who enjoys modeling, swimming and dancing. She entertains fantasies of having sex with movie star Billy Dee Williams in a crowded room.

Stevie, 44, has always dreamed of appearing in *Beaver Hunt*, and now her fantasy has been fulfilled. A housewife from the Midwest, she bowls and gardens in her spare time.

Photo by Donald Amonson



Photo by Sandy Ann



Bend, Oregon, is home for 20-year-old waitress Rose Amonson. She loves modeling, horses and drawing, and dreams of being "mauled by Eric Estrada on a secluded beach in Hawaii."



Photo by Husband



Carolyn, 21, likes to swim, draw and "fool around on a bus." She's a housewife and mother from Fort Bragg, North Carolina, who dreams of a sexual encounter with a man she'd never see again.

Twenty-three-year-old Cecelia Hoglen lists her occupation as "professional home cleaning." She hails from Winter Park, Florida, and fills her time with dancing and making love to music. Her fantasy is to make love onstage, "rocking and rolling into an orgasmic frenzy."



Photo by John M.

Photo by Wayne Reed



Tyler, Texas, is home for Angel, an 18-year-old secretary who's into swimming, horseback riding and exercising. Angel's favorite sexual fantasy is "to hold my lover down and drive him almost to the point of orgasm and then make love with him."





Photo by Andy



Twenty-three-year-old Patricia Cole's dream of appearing in *Beaver Hunt* has been fulfilled. A native of Cleveland, Ohio, she enjoys bowling, swimming and horseback riding.

Linda H., 21, is an assistant restaurant manager from Sacramento, California, who likes tennis, adult films and modeling. Linda fantasizes about making love to three men all at once.

Photo by Husband



Photo by Ronald Rogers



Twenty-nine-year-old Sharon loves swimming, tennis and the great outdoors. This St. Petersburg, Florida, resident says that posing for a *HUSTLER* Magazine spread would fulfill her fondest dream.



Photo by K. L.



L. L., 23, from Natchitoches, Louisiana, says her job is "keeping the bed warm till my baby comes over." Her fantasy is to make it with "Starsky, Olivia Newton-John and my photographer at the same time."

Michell Davis is a 19-year-old student from East View, Kentucky. She spends her time reading articles in *HUSTLER*, fishing and swimming, and would love to join Ingrid and Regina (from *HUSTLER*'s July 1982 pictorial *All Steamed Up*) for some hot sex.



Photo by Fiance

Photo by Scott Loerzel



"My sexual fantasy," 25-year-old Bonnie Loerzel says, "is to be a centerfold model who wears very little clothing, and to one day see a male-stripper show." Bonnie is a housewife and mother from New York Mills, Minnesota, who loves to lie in the sun, sew and participate in "all sports."



## DANGER IN PARIS

(continued from page 100)

velvet black as he lost consciousness.

Timothy Leigh-Browne progressed through the velvety darkness with a sense of forward motion. His head pounded. His eyes burned when he opened them.

He was slumped low in the front seat of a car, which was moving rapidly along a brightly lighted avenue. He turned his eyes to the left. Tovma was driving in silence, a frown on his face. Leigh-Browne tried to push himself up into a sitting position. Suddenly, what felt like the cold muzzle of a pistol pressed firmly against the base of his skull. He remained motionless, watching the street, trying to orient himself.

It didn't take long. They were on the Boulevard Montparnasse, heading toward the Place d'Italie. Tovma glanced over at him. "It is always a disappointment to lose."

Leigh-Browne looked at him contemptuously. "Spare me your heavy Muscovite philosophy," he replied.

The pistol muzzle jabbed into the flesh of his neck. Tovma's silent partner in the backseat obviously didn't appreciate British humor.

A traffic light ahead of them suddenly went red. Tovma cursed and hit the brake, throwing Leigh-Browne against the dashboard. He looked back, and his mouth fell open in disbelief.

Anne Chambers' eyes were cold. She reached forward and tapped his jaw with the automatic. "Turn around!" she ordered. "Get back down where you were. Stay low."

He obeyed, numb with surprise.

Tovma chuckled. "You have seen a ghost, yes?"

Leigh-Browne was silent, his mind racing. He heard a match being struck, and the pungent smoke from Anne's French cigarette filled the car.

"Don't fret, Timmy boy," Anne rasped. "Your short future is all planned."

"What the hell?"

"Shut up!" Anne snapped. She cleared her throat. "It's somehow satisfying to have a double-named gadabout like you on the wrong end of my Browning. I've always hated your kind. I spent years serving types like you, doing your work, getting no credit." She laughed abruptly. "When they gave me the sack, I finally saw the bloody light. Found someone who appreciated my talents. The KGB pays real well."

The black sedan appeared from nowhere. It passed on their left and cut

sharply in front of them. Tovma screeched to a stop, braking frantically to avoid a collision. A small gray car pulled up on the right, blocking all escape. The gunfire was like a sudden, lethal rain, hammering at the car, exploding the windows into showers of shattered glass.

Leigh-Browne, still crouching low in his seat as he'd been ordered to do, felt the Browning automatic fall between his back and the seat. He quickly reached behind him and grabbed it. Anne had fallen to one side, away from the window, her skirt high on her thighs, the top of her skull gone. Tovma was out the door, working his way to the rear, trying to use the car as a partial shield.

Leigh-Browne crawled past the steering wheel and rolled heavily onto the street in pursuit. A bullet snapped by his ear; another ricocheted off the hood. Tovma was running, trying to reach the cover of a large tree. The Englishman was oblivious to the gunfire, the cafe terraces and the headlights of unmoving cars. There was just Tovma now.

He knelt and lifted the pistol with both hands, bracing his elbow against the car. The Browning kicked as he fired, each shot distinct and spaced. Tovma stumbled, did a short, ludicrous dance and fell. His Makarov automatic clattered onto the cobblestones.

There was a sudden vacuum of silence. The firing had stopped. Leigh-Browne walked cautiously toward Tovma and paused to pick up the Russian's weapon. It was obvious he hadn't been the only marksman to hit the KGB agent. A varied shot pattern had ripped into him from various angles. One bullet had entered his right eye, which was spilling out onto his cheek. But somehow the man was still conscious.

"Leyton, come closer," Tovma said weakly.

Leigh-Browne knelt and held Tovma's head. Dark, sticky blood oozed over his hands.

"An... excellent meal, Englishman," Tovma whispered.

Leigh-Browne stood up as Desmond Mellish approached. He spoke first, somewhat sheepishly. "I suppose apologies are in order here. I do seem to have made a bloody mess of things."

"On the contrary," replied Mellish, looking over at the car containing the body of Anne Chambers, Soviet intelligence's "mystery man." "It couldn't have worked out more neatly."

People had returned to the restaurant terraces and were staring dumbstruck at the amazing scene. Cars began moving along the street once more. Life was coming back to the Place d'Italie in the great city of Paris.

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# STEINBRENNER

(continued from page 52)

from George—pleaded guilty to running an illegal campaign committee and selling an ambassadorship. And on April 5, 1974, opening day of the baseball season, George M. Steinbrenner was indicted on 14 counts relating to American Ship Building's contributions to CREEP.

Since other large companies, notably American Airlines, had made similar contributions, why did the Watergate prosecutor throw the book at Steinbrenner? Perhaps because the other firms admitted breaking the law. Steinbrenner not only tried to cover up the bonuses,

but—once the investigation was under way—tried to cover up the cover-up with a fake-expense-voucher scheme.

"I am totally innocent, and we will prove it in court," Steinbrenner said at the time of his indictment. "There is no way I could plead guilty to a charge of willful conspiracy... because I am not guilty of any such violation."

Yet on August 23 he pleaded guilty to one count of conspiracy to violate the campaign-funding law and another count of attempting to cover up the violations. Steinbrenner could have drawn six years in the slammer. Instead, he was fined \$15,000, and American Ship Building paid a \$20,000 penalty.

In November, baseball commissioner

Bowie Kuhn added insult to injury by suspending Steinbrenner from the sport for two years. Kuhn ruled him "ineligible and incompetent to manage or advise in the management of the Yankees."

Steinbrenner got off comparatively lightly. Other owners who'd run afoul of the law had suffered far-harsher sanctions. The Philadelphia Phillies' William Cox (caught gambling on his own club in 1943) and the St. Louis Cardinals' Fred Saigh (convicted of income-tax evasion in 1953) had been banned for life and forced to sell their teams.

Only the most naive among us, which Bowie Kuhn surely must be, would believe that George really stayed away from the Yankees during his suspension. While Steinbrenner was supposedly banned, the team traded away its highest-salaried player, Bobby Murcer; fired manager Bill Virdon; hired Billy Martin for his first go-round as Yankee skipper; and signed the first of baseball's million-dollar free agents, pitcher Jim "Catfish" Hunter.

One possible explanation for this head-in-the sand attitude toward Steinbrenner occurred in July 1975, when Kuhn asked for a vote of approval on his contract as commissioner of baseball. Four negative votes from either league could have resulted in Kuhn's being fired, and four American League teams—one of them the Yankees—wanted him out. The vote was taken on July 16, and Kuhn received the four blackballs. But the next day, Steinbrenner called Brad Corbett, owner of the Texas Rangers and leader of the anti-Kuhn forces, and announced that the Yankees were changing their vote.

Nine months later Kuhn lifted the remaining eight months of Steinbrenner's suspension. Some still speculate that the two events were connected.

An upstanding citizen of the baseball community once again, Steinbrenner moved from Cleveland to Tampa, Florida, where he, his wife and four children now reside. He's active on the charity-fund-raising circuit in that state, but for the most part he's a fairly quiet guy. The family is shielded from the spotlight he so actively covets himself.

But it's a different story when George hits New York to look after his Yankees. He stays at the Carlyle, which was John F. Kennedy's favorite hotel. He gets the best tables at such superstar restaurants as P. J. Clarke's, Jimmy Weston's, Mike Manuche's and Elaine's. He hangs out with Barbara Walters, Cary Grant, controversial lawyer Roy Cohn and fellow business tycoon Bill Fugazy.

New Yorkers also see a lot of George the philanthropist. "Steinbrenner is a

(continued on page 134)

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Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

I hereby declare I am 19 years of age or older & believe this material is acceptable in my community.

\* Quantities are limited. We reserve the right to substitute within the same series.



When you leave your hometown under a cloud of scandal and come back after a few years, revenge can be sweet. In fact, it can be delicious. I know.

When I was in high school, my girlfriend went away to visit her grandmother. When she returned two weeks later, she had gained a few pounds from Grandma's home cooking. Cathy and I had been going steady for some time; so we considered it a harmless joke when one of my loose-talking friends said that Cathy was pregnant and that I was going to be a daddy. After all, she wasn't, and we all just laughed.

But it didn't stop there. Before long, the "news" had spread far beyond school. In a small New Hampshire town like ours, a whisper can quickly become fact. And the "facts" were disclosed in the weekly paper's gossip column, written by the local busybody, Mrs. Burns. That bitch had a good time with the rumor, using no names in her column but making it clear who she had in mind.

As a direct result, my parents and Cathy's decreed that we could not see each other ever again. Cathy was sent away to a boarding school and eventually got married.

I soon found that none of the other girls in town were allowed to date me either. So, for the next two years I dated girls from all the surrounding area, but my reputation always caught up with me—with the help of Mrs. Burns. She seemed to delight in ruining my life.

At 18 I joined the U.S. Navy and went to the West Coast, happy to start a new life. I didn't return home until my enlistment was up. I'll never forget my homecoming. It was Memorial Day, a big day in my town, with parades and long, dull speeches, an all-star Little League baseball game, a band concert and the big dance that night.

For the occasion I put on my uniform and watched the parade with the town selectmen. Soon Mrs. Burns rushed up to me with her little pad and her poison pen in her hand. "Well, William," she

*Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*



## SWEET TASTE OF REVENGE

by William Barber

said, "what brings you back to town? And what are your plans?"

All the hateful memories flooded my mind. That contemptible bitch had the nerve to talk to me after what she'd done to me and Cathy. I glanced at the grinning faces of the selectmen and said in a loud voice, "I plan on fucking all the hometown girls I didn't fuck before I left." Her face reddened, and she stomped off, muttering to herself through clenched teeth. But to my surprise the selectmen applauded loudly. They must have hated her poison pen as much as I did.

Later that day my old friends and I gathered outside the local country store as we had done during our childhood

years. Suddenly, I spotted something out of the corner of my eye that made the blood run hot in my veins and the hair stand up on the back of my neck.

I grabbed my buddy's arm and said, "Who is that?!" The girl I was looking at had legs that went on for days. Not just legs, but shapely, smooth, lightly tanned, adorable legs. I almost missed the rest of this pure, sweet-looking, honey-blond charmer, with the face of an angel, the tits of a woman, and a figure that tapered down to a tiny waist and a succulent ass.

My friend laughed and asked if I didn't remember Spider. Then he disappeared into the store. Spider? I didn't remember any girl by that name. I followed him in and kept asking about Spider. Finally, my buddy told me it was Mrs. Burns' daughter Joyce. I couldn't believe it. Not that spindly legged, homely little girl I used to shove into mud puddles in the third grade!

As the evening's festivities began, a cool breeze made it perfect for relaxing in the town square and doing some more girl-watching. I was lying on the grass when I spotted those legs over the top of my beer can as I held it to my lips. The beer went down my windpipe, and I started choking. Joyce Burns turned and smiled at me. "Hi, Billy—welcome home!" Her eyes sparkled, and she had a glow of fresh-faced purity you never see anymore.

My own face was red from choking, and all I could do was wave and gasp for air. Did I have to be a fool every time I saw her? She walked over to a wrinkled old lady and spoke softly to her. Then she went over to a little red-and-white Corvair, climbed in and drove away.

I asked a buddy for the keys to his motorcycle and got on his bike, following Joyce. Soon I was cruising along behind her. I could see her smiling at me in her rearview mirror. A couple of minutes later she pulled to a stop under some spreading elm trees in the park. She jumped out of her car and hurried back to where I was sitting astride the



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motorcycle. She said she'd hoped I would follow her—because she'd always had a crush on me in school.

I told her that I didn't think we should be seen together, that people would talk. "Fuck them, Billy. I know a place we can go. You know it too—over on Old Bates Road. Follow me."

First, Joyce drove down the street to her house and parked at the curb. She got out and fetched a blanket from the backseat. I warned her that the neighbors would gossip, but she just laughed. "I know. I want them to!" She climbed onto the back of the motorcycle and sat on the folded blanket, wrapping her arms around my waist. She kissed my neck and said, "Let's go!"

I could see the neighbors peering through the front window next door. But I shrugged my shoulders, and we took off, heading for the country meadow where nearly every girl in town had lost her cherry. I began to suspect that Joyce hated her mother as much as I did, but I wasn't sure I wanted to get back at Mrs. Burns in this way.

When we arrived at the meadow and the blanket was laid out, I asked Joyce what her mother would say when she learned from the neighbors that we'd gone off together on a motorcycle.

"My mother will know I made love to you, Billy," she said with a smile, "but she'll tell everyone what a perfect gentleman you've become." Then she frowned. "That's what I can't stand about her. She always acts as if I'm perfect—and that everybody she writes about in that damned column is rotten. All my life I've had to apologize to my friends because of her. I hate the bitch!"

I lay down on the blanket and looked up at her. "The girls at Eagle Rock High know how to make a man feel like a man," Joyce grinned. "And they've told me how!" She raised her hands and pulled her top up over her head. Two beautiful tits popped out, capped with sweet, cherry-colored nipples. She tossed her top at me and unbuttoned the waistband of her white shorts and unzipped them, letting them fall to her ankles. The hair of her golden triangle seemed almost transparent, and softer than a cotton puff.

Joyce knelt down next to me on the blanket as I raised up on one elbow. She planted her mouth on mine, and her hot tongue searched mine out. I could tell that she'd thought out every move and that she knew just how she wanted to make love to me. While her mouth ate at mine with heat and passion, her hands feverishly unbuttoned my shirt. Then, in the moonlight, she opened my pants. Before I knew it, she had me naked. As I sucked her pert nipples, hard and erect,

my hands explored her perfect body.

Then my mind ceased to think as Joyce lowered her lovely mouth to my stiff cock. She sucked it like a lollipop. Then she threw herself down on the ground and begged me to fuck her, promising she'd always be my woman because I was the first.

She grabbed my prick and eased it into her wet pussy. I could feel her hot inner lips separate as I slid deep into her. She whimpered, and tears of pain formed in the corners of her eyes. "Fuck me, damn you, fuck me hard! Oh, Billy—I've waited so long for you to take my cherry."

I obeyed, hammering at her until I was completely inside. She shuddered and let out a hoarse scream, and I was sure they could hear us clear back in town at the concert when we both reached shuddering climaxes.

I pulled out and kissed her body gently, all the way down to her pussy as she lay under me. When I reached her cunt, I noticed the slight traces of blood on her pussy. I licked her pussy lips softly in repentance for hurting something so beautiful and pure. As I did so, she moaned with pleasure.

I raised her hips and worked my way between her thighs with my tongue and then back to her sweet little rosebud of an asshole. I turned her over onto her stomach and guided my swollen cock into her tight virgin asshole. "Oh, no-o-o!" she gasped, digging her fingers into my arms. But soon she was saying, "Yes, yes, yes, yes!" and arching her ass up off the ground.

I moved in slow, short strokes as I reached under her with my hand and fingered her pussy, squeezing her love button and wetting my fingers from her fountain. As I stroked my big cock deeper and faster, I lubed it with pussy juice from my fingers.

Soon Joyce was meeting my strokes harder and harder until she grabbed my hand and shoved all my fingers into her pussy. My fingers were moving into and out of her cunt in unison with my cock as it probed her no-longer-virgin bungle. Just moments before I came again, she started to buck and groan. "Fuck my asshole, you fucking bastard! My mother hates you, and you hate her! So hurt me—hurt me—come in my asshole!" And that's exactly when I did. In fact, we both got off on her words at the same time.

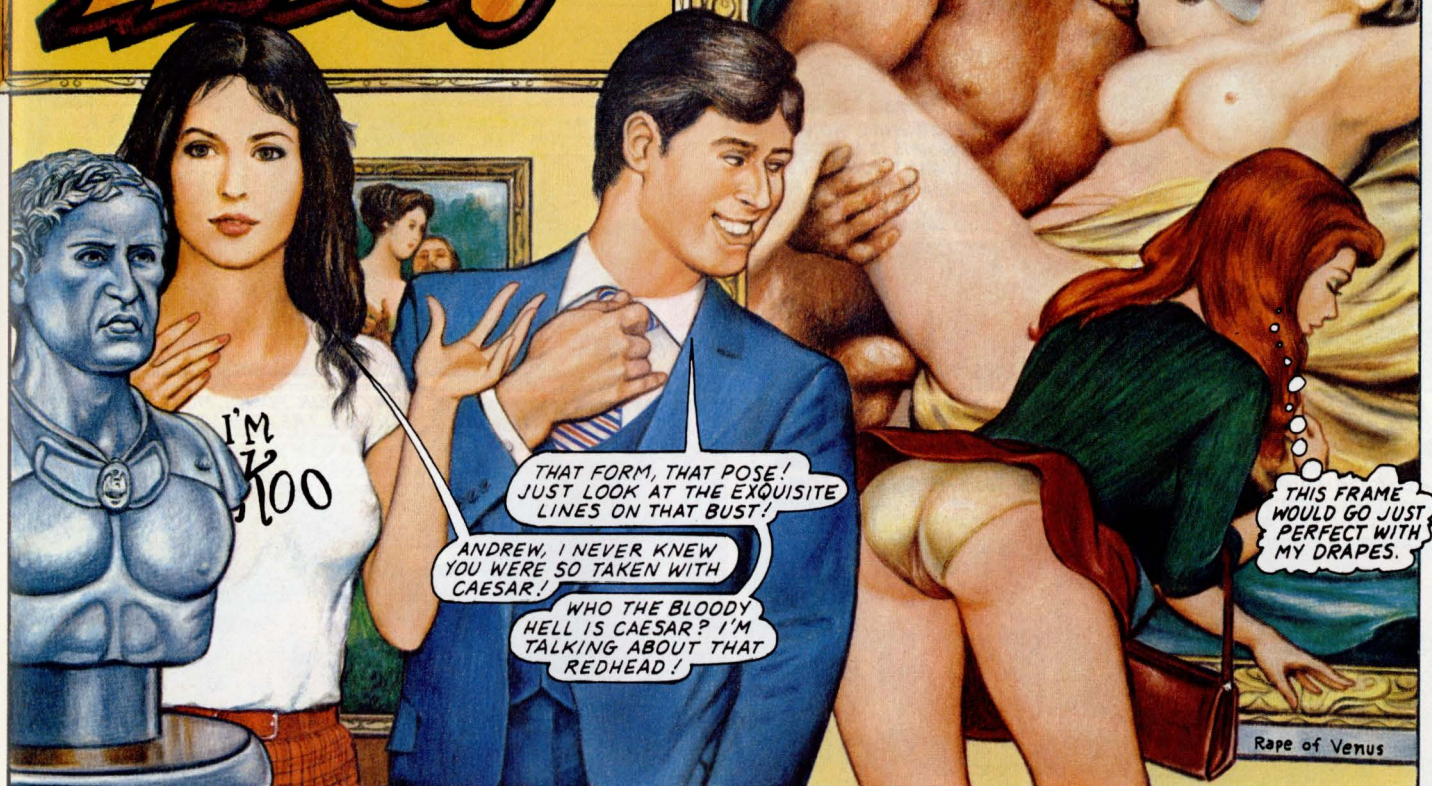
My cum burst forth in a flood that amazed me. It seeped out of her ass and ran down over her throbbing pussy.

We collapsed on the blanket together. We'd gotten our revenge on her mother—and fallen in love at the same time.



# Honey

AT AN ART GALLERY THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE YOU'LL MEET THE GREATS—REMBRANDT, DA VINCI, PICASSO AND COUNTLESS OTHERS. BUT MEETING A FLESH AND BLOOD PRINCE OF ENGLAND? THAT'S THE LAST THING HONEY EXPECTS!



THAT FORM, THAT POSE! JUST LOOK AT THE EXQUISITE LINES ON THAT BUST!

ANDREW, I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE SO TAKEN WITH CAESAR!

WHO THE BLOODY HELL IS CAESAR? I'M TALKING ABOUT THAT REDHEAD!

THIS FRAME WOULD GO JUST PERFECT WITH MY DRAPES.

Rape of Venus

PARDON ME, LUV. YOU'RE SUCH A LOOKER. I JUST HAD TO MEET YOU. MY NAME IS ANDREW, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME "RANDY."

MMMM. YOU CAN CALL ME ANY TIME.

DINNER TONIGHT?

MY FACE OR YOURS?

HERE, PRINCE!

AN UNUSUALLY ANXIOUS HONEY PREPARES FOR HER DINNER DATE.

DOES HE KNOW WHAT YOU DO?

NOT YET. I'M MEETING HIM AT THE RESTAURANT SO HE WON'T SEE THE CUSTOMERS HERE AT THE HOUSE. HE'S SUCH A HUNK, I DON'T WANT TO SCARE HIM OFF!





THE SMALL TALK AT DINNER QUICKLY TURNS INTO BIG PLANS.



I'M SORRY ABOUT THE PAPARAZZI.

OH, IS THE CHEF  
OUT OF IT?

NEVER MIND, HONEY.  
I KNOW THIS IS SUDDEN,  
BUT I WANT YOU TO COME  
HOME AND MEET MY FAMILY.  
YOU'LL JUST LOVE MUMMY  
AND WHATS-HIS-NAME.

THE TALKS CONTINUE WHILE OTHER NEGOTIATIONS TAKE PLACE  
UNDER THE TABLE.

I KNOW SO  
LITTLE ABOUT YOU—  
BUT YOU REALLY ARE  
GETTING UNDER MY  
SKIN. I'LL GO!

A LITTLE  
TO THE LEFT.

MY PLANE IS WAITING.  
WE CAN FLY TO GREAT  
BRITAIN TONIGHT.



A QUICK HOP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC LATER, PRINCE ANDREW IS  
GREETED AT THE LONDON AIRPORT WITH A 21-GUN SALUTE.

IT'S THE ARGENTINIANS!  
ABANDON SHIP! ROYALTY  
AND CHILDREN FIRST!  
GOD SAVE THE PRINCE!

DON'T BE SILLY! IT'S JUST A  
WELCOMING CEREMONY FOR SOME  
ARRIVING CELEBRITY.

BAM!  
BLAM! BAM-  
BAM-BAM!



WOW! YOUR FOLKS MUST BE LOADED!  
THIS IS TREATMENT FIT FOR A KING!



THE ROYAL  
LIMOUSINE  
AWAITS TO  
WHISK  
ANDREW  
AND HONEY  
OFF TO THE  
PALACE.

ONLY IF  
CHARLES  
GOES  
BEFORE  
I DO.

WHETHER IT'S A VOLKSWAGEN OR A ROLLS-ROYCE, A BACKSEAT  
ALWAYS ENCOURAGES NATURE TO TAKE ITS COURSE.



WHERE DOES  
YOUR FAMILY GET  
THE MONEY FOR  
ALL THESE  
LUXURIES?

OH. WELFARE  
CHEATS, HUH?

ACTUALLY, IT'S ALL PAID FOR  
BY THE TAXPAYERS.



ONCE INSIDE PRINCE ANDREW'S "HOUSE," HONEY GETS AN UNEXPECTED AUDIENCE WITH THE QUEEN.



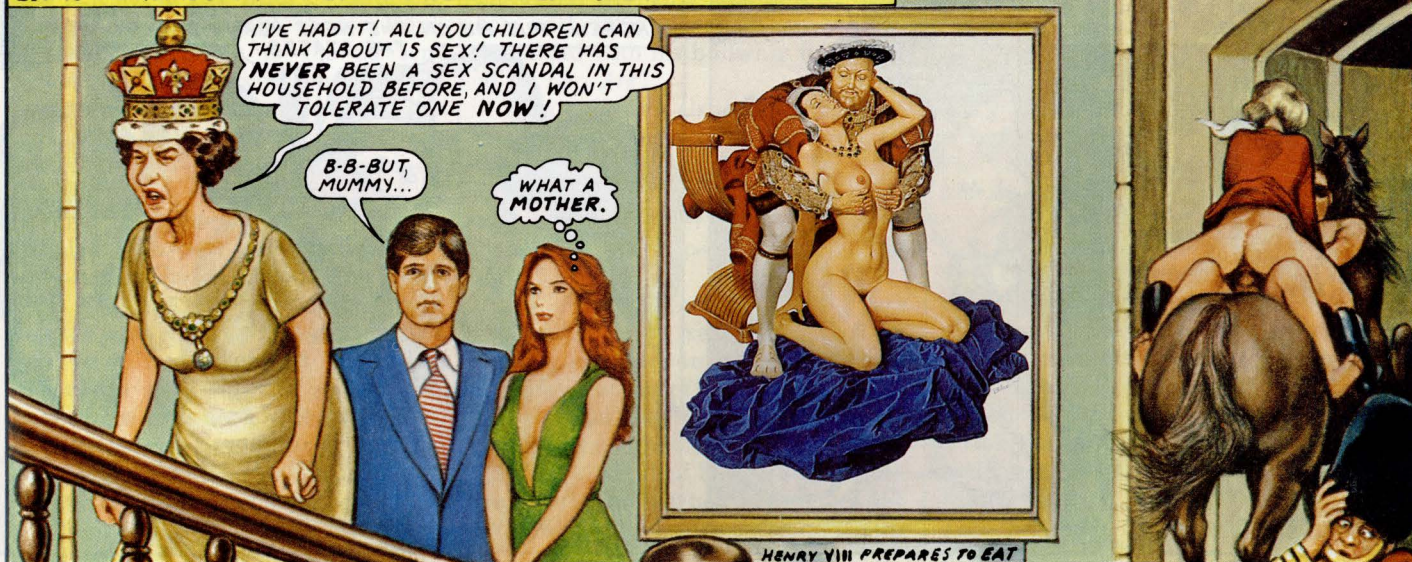
THE QUEEN HAS ONLY ONE THING ON HER MIND.



SUDDENLY, PRINCESS ANNE ARRIVES WITH HER MOUNT-AND ON HORSEBACK AS WELL!



LOSING THE ROYAL COOL, THE QUEEN ORDERS ALL COMMONERS TO LEAVE BY MORNING.





UNABLE TO SLEEP, HONEY DECIDES TO TRY A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH HER MAJESTY.

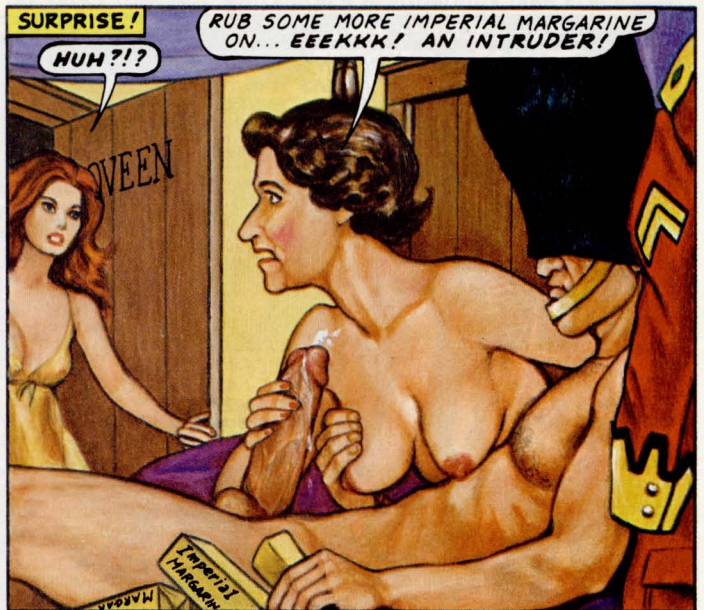


I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE BY TRYING TO EXPLAIN THE FACTS OF LIFE TO HER. IT'S PERFECTLY NATURAL FOR YOUNG MEN TO WANT PHYSICAL RELATIONSHIPS — EVEN PRINCES!

SURPRISE!

HUH?!?

RUB SOME MORE IMPERIAL MARGARINE ON... EEEKKK! AN INTRUDER!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

MOTHER!

MMMFFF!

THIS FAMILY IS ABOUT AS "REGAL" AS A BUICK!

PHILIP!

ELIZABETH!

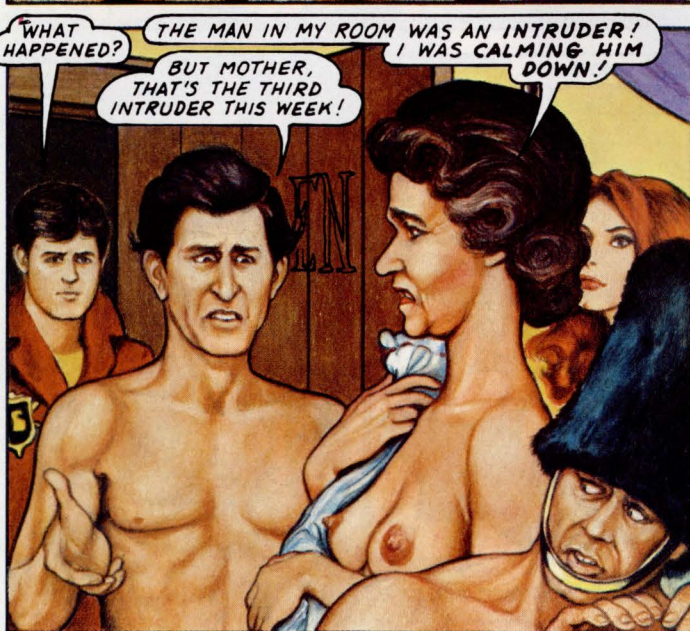
I'M KOD! WHERE ARE THE PHOTOGRAPHERS?



WHAT HAPPENED?

THE MAN IN MY ROOM WAS AN INTRUDER! I WAS CALMING HIM DOWN!

BUT MOTHER, THAT'S THE THIRD INTRUDER THIS WEEK!



HONEY FINALLY LAYS IT ON THE LINE — IN PLAIN ENGLISH!

WHAT HYPOCRITES! AND I WAS AFRAID TO TELL YOU I WAS A HOOKER! AT LEAST I WORK FOR A LIVING! ANDREW, PUT ME ON THE NEXT PLANE BACK TO THE STATES!



THE END



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

## NO CHEAP FLICKS

"X RATED ADULT VIDEO ONLY \$9.95." Sound too good to be true? Well, you're right. But a company called *Tapes 'n' Flicks* (7313 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046) would have you believe just that in an ad which appeared on page 112 of the October 1982 *HUSTLER*. The fact is, *Tapes* offers no such items at \$9.95, nor did it ever intend to.

Thanks to letters from a number of readers who'd been taken in by *Tapes'* enticing advertisement, we found out exactly what was going on. The ad states: "If you have never purchased from us before, you qualify for any two of the following at only \$9.95 each plus redeemable bonus coupons and a big full-color video catalog." Underneath this is a list of five titles of hard-core features to supposedly choose from. Readers responding to the ad sent \$19.90 to *Tapes*, expecting the two tapes they'd selected to arrive in the mail along with their bonus coupons and catalog. No such luck—and no such tapes!

What our readers did receive was a detailed form letter telling them that they had misread the ad. The letter said: "Dear NEW Customer: Thank you for your recent order, but it seems you have misunderstood our offer. What you qualify for as a first-time buyer from us is not a videotape itself, but the special bonus prices, in addition to our already-discount prices on the enclosed literature [catalog]."

If you read the ad carefully, you'll discover the misleading words are

qualify for. The ad never tells you you're getting two videotapes at \$9.95 each—but you are, unfortunately, led to believe this by the ambiguous wording of the ad. Your \$19.90 is really spent on nothing but a promised bonus and special prices on future tape purchases—not on the two titles you thought you originally ordered.

*Tapes'* advertisements no longer appear in the pages of *HUSTLER* and, according to reliable sources, you won't find the firm's ads in any men's magazines. Please read extra carefully any ads for adult material at super-cheap prices. You may wind up getting less than you bargained for.

## HARD-CORE BARGAINS

Another reliable source for hard-core entertainment has joined the ranks of our Dependable Dealers. It's the *Film Collector's Association* (P.O. Box H134, Inglewood, CA 90306), which is special because of its low prices on magazines, videotapes and reels.

The *Lusty Ladies* series of 8mm and Super 8 loops is a collection of 42 full-color titles, depicting just about every legitimate sex act imaginable, and it's offered by *Film Collector's* at a paltry \$13 per 150-foot reel (plus \$1 postage and handling for each film). *Lusty* gives the porn connoisseur quite a selection to choose from. Among the more titillating titles are: "Country Jam" (#LL-312), a spicy tale of a Southern threesome who can't wait until they get home from a Nashville music festival to fuck each other's brains out; and "Dildo City" (#LL-335), a toasty reel featuring two girls performing more acts with their vibrator than Indiana Jones did with his bullwhip in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*!

*Film Collector's* also has the *Lusty* series of hard-core color magazines at \$12 apiece for the 100-page publications. And if video's your fetish, the popular *Peep Shows* line of one-hour Beta and VHS tapes is available for only \$39 each.

All *Film Collector's* products are guaranteed to be free from defects, or will be replaced at no charge. For a complete catalog of all its goods, send a dollar off to *Film Collector's*.

There's no reason to be ripped off by falling for so-called bargains from soft-core companies, when good guys like *Film Collector's* are making available hard-core at reasonable prices.

## YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR

I ordered a K5 projector from *Valentine Video* (P.O. Box 224, Mount Morris, IL 61054) for \$72.45. I was not happy with the projector and immediately returned it. I expected a "prompt and complete refund," as promised by the ad on page 118 of the July 1982 *HUSTLER*. I've now written the company a second time. That was a month ago, and I still haven't received a refund. Help.

—J. R.  
Morgantown, Indiana

According to *Valentine*, J. R.'s name was illegible on the note he attached with the returned K5 projector. Apparently, the delay in preparing the refund was due to our reader's poor penmanship. After a second correspondence from J. R., *Valentine* issued a full refund of \$72.45, and our reader should now have a check for the returned merchandise. You'd be surprised how many delays are caused by a company's inability simply to read a name. Please print clearly at all times.

A word to the wise: Good projectors for 8mm and Super 8 loops are not cheap. Prices can range anywhere from \$100 to \$500 for a decent piece of equipment. The K5, although a popular seller, is not much more than an elaborate children's toy. It works, but the quality of the image and the dependability of the actual machinery may not be up to your expectations.

Watch this column for suggestions on where to find good, quality projection equipment at reasonable prices.

## THE TASTE OF LOVE

In the October 1982 *HUSTLER* I noticed an ad for *Love Garden* oils, creams, lotions and gels. There's no address in the ad, only a list of "selected stores" around the country that carry them. Are these products available by mail-order?

—G. D.  
Irving, Texas

*Love Garden* has quite an array of sensuous substances for the enhancement of bedroom play—and they are available by mail-order. *Love Garden Ltd.* (P.O. Box 9908, North Hollywood, CA 91609) will send you a free catalog describing a range of erotic items, from body butter to nipple-massage cream. Priced from \$4.95 to \$6.95 each, all *Love* products are nonstaining, non-toxic and delicately scented.



## TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

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- 3—Hot & Hard Illustrated Sex Novels . . . . . \$11.85 value
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- 3—Very Raunchy Illustrated Comics. . . . . \$ 7.50 value
- 24—Pure Sex Action B&W Photos . . . . . \$ 9.95 value
- A Guide to Prostitutes . . . . . \$ 2.95 value
- 1—Package Spanish Fly Formula . . . . . \$ 5.00 value

TOTAL . . . . \$97.55 value

...and you get this \$97.55 value for only **\$14.95** (plus \$3 for postage & handling)

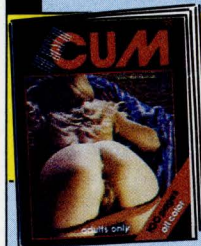
**OFFER #2 We'll send you:**

**\$148.50 worth of quality adult merchandise for \$29.95**

- You Receive Everything Listed Above . . . . . \$97.55 value
- PLUS:**
- 3—Regular 8mm COLOR films plus 200 ft. film viewer . . . . . \$50.95 value

TOTAL . . . . \$148.50 value

...this \$148.50 value is yours for only **\$29.95** (plus \$4 for postage & handling)



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- ☐ Send my **FREE BONUS** — I've ordered within 15 days.

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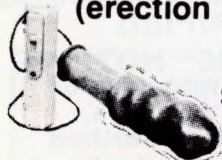
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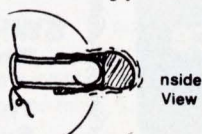
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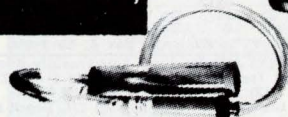


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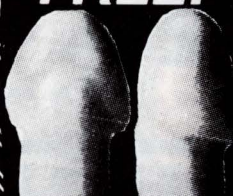
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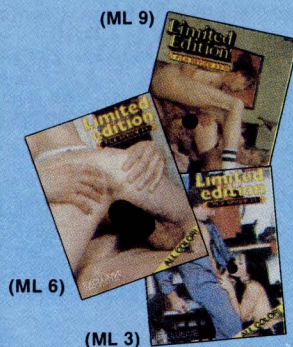


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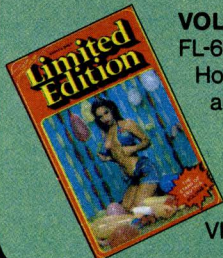
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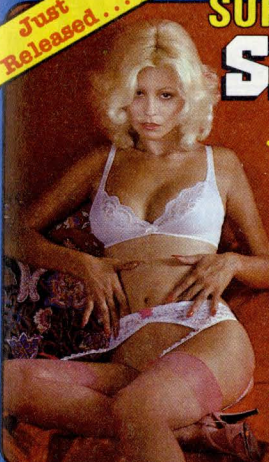
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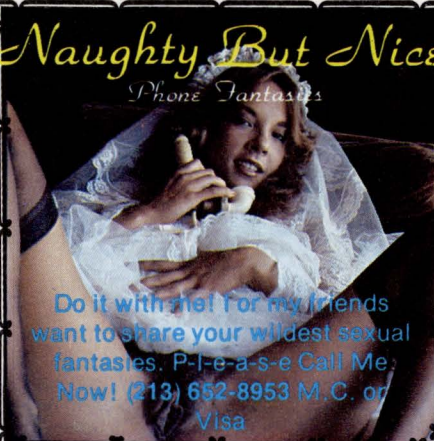
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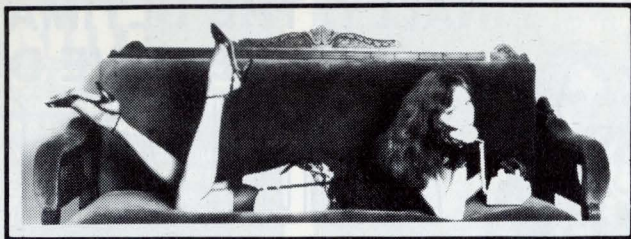
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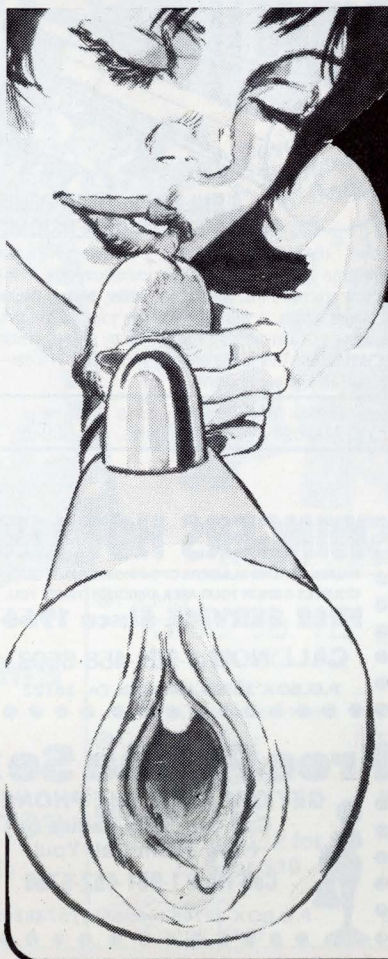
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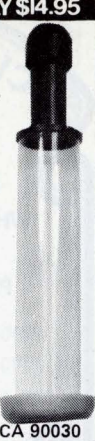
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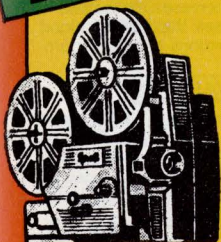
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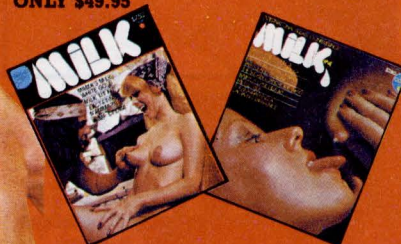
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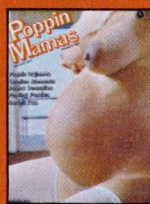


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## IMPOVERISHED AMERICANS

(continued from page 58)

estranged from the soil that had supported their families for several generations; they became little more than trespassers on property they once considered their own.

Many left to find work in Northern industrial cities. As the exodus thinned the ranks of potential sexual or marital partners, it became commonplace for first cousins to marry each other. Children of these unions were often born deformed and/or mentally retarded. Thus, the once-proud pioneer spirit of those who stayed was further eroded by genetic weaknesses caused by widespread inbreeding.

Gradually, as the ruined land made increasing numbers of these people face the prospect of starvation, they began streaming down into the valleys to look for work in dangerously dug coal mines. More than a thousand men a year lost their lives in cave-ins, explosions and other frequent mining accidents. Those who survived either died prematurely from lung diseases contracted in the mines or led a dismal existence in squalid coal-company towns.

As the first half of the 20th-century passed, the hunger, ignorance, illiteracy and substandard living conditions in this forgotten region were all but overlooked by the rest of the nation. Then John F. Kennedy made a brief 1960 campaign swing through West Virginia, stumbling almost inadvertently on the appalling scenes of people forced into a state of profound poverty, apathy and demoralization.

In the years that followed, huge amounts of federal assistance were targeted for the region through VISTA, the Appalachian Regional Commission and the Black Lung Disease program. Dozens of other projects were geared toward bringing improved health care, nutritional and occupational education and community development.

Like most federal programs, however, they were plagued by fraud and bureaucratic mismanagement. (Even today it is estimated that only 10¢ of every dollar earmarked for such undertakings actually reaches the underprivileged people for whom it is intended.) Although hospitals and some highways were built, many of the mountain communities have seen shockingly little improvement.

There are many, in fact, who feel that federal assistance has done little except support a poverty-level lifestyle while reinforcing a vicious cycle of dependency. "The war on poverty," insists Rufus Reed, "didn't amount to a hill of beans,



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Dr. Brian Richards is one of Europe's best-known sex therapists. He heads the Kent Private Clinic in Sandwich, England, where he has helped thousands of men and women attain physical happiness and sexual success with one another. He is a fellow of the Royal Academy and the New York Academy of Sciences.

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because the really poor people are no better off than they used to be."

Hancock County, Tennessee, lies some 125 miles south of Martin County, in another remote corner of Appalachia near where the borders of Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia meet. The scenery there in the shadow of majestic Clinch Mountain, not far from the historic Cumberland Gap, is breathtakingly beautiful. In the heat of the summer, bright patches of yellow and blue wild flowers and small, carefully tended fields of tobacco and corn can be seen all along the small highways running through sparsely populated areas such as Poor Valley, named "for the poor dirt and the poor people."

Hancock County and bordering Hawkins County have never been touched by the double-edged sword of the coal industry. The only thing that seems to take root and grow in these hills, besides corn and tobacco, is poverty itself.

Only 50 miles separate Hancock County from the site of the 1982 World's Fair in Knoxville, Tennessee. But it's doubtful that a man like George Presley could relate to the futuristic optimism of many of its exhibits. His major preoccupation is somehow making it through another week.

Presley and his wife, Suzie—both in their early 50s—are among what one local community organizer refers to as "the invisible people." They live in a rat- and fly-infested 100-year-old cabin so ramshackle, you can see daylight through the roof while sitting on the threadbare living-room sofa. They have no indoor plumbing, and their water comes from a nearby mountain spring.

The Presleys eke out a hand-to-mouth existence from food stamps and the meager profits from a small tobacco patch just up the steep hillside they sharecrop with their stepson. Presley estimates that his ten months of planting and harvesting labor nets him a little more than a dollar an hour. "Some months we don't hardly make ends meet at all," Mrs. Presley admits.

Down a nearby winding gravel road, set against another steep hillside, live two more of the "invisible people"—Edith Jones, 60, and her 22-year-old son, Claude. Mrs. Jones is afflicted with epileptic fits and a chronic heart defect. Claude, she explains as she sits in her small, sparsely furnished but surprisingly clean house, is one of the three surviving children out of the 17 she has borne.

A short, paunchy but powerful-looking young man, Claude is handicapped by both a substandard intelligence level and related emotional disorders that make it impossible for him to hold a job.

His teeth are so badly decayed and abscessed that he can hardly open his mouth to talk, and he suffers from chronic indigestion due to tooth rot running into his stomach.

Since Mrs. Jones' second husband left her, she has supported herself and Claude on a \$284 monthly disability benefit and a food-stamp allotment that has recently been cut from \$97 to \$47.

"At the end of the month, after I pay my rent and my light bill and my monthly installment on my freezer, I ain't got nothin' left," Mrs. Jones explains, wearily puffing on a hand-rolled cigarette. "I ain't even got nowheres enough to get Claude's teeth fixed."

Unlike many of the invisible people scattered through the region's valleys and river bottoms, 25-year-old Garland Wade Jr. does have his health. But what he does not have is a means of supporting his family. It's been so long since Wade has had a job that he's ineligible for unemployment benefits. He lives with his wife and four-year-old son in Gravelly Valley, an isolated, heavily wooded area named for its rocky soil.

For now, home is a small trailer whose interior is unbearably stuffy during the summer. Wade and his family somehow manage on the meager wages his wife earns in a sewing factory over in Virginia. He has little more to do than tend to a coop full of Rhode Island Red roosters and labor under the sun in his mother-in-law's small tobacco patch. If tobacco prices hold up, he figures he might earn \$500 by the end of the summer.

As the days pass and the heat swelters, Wade feels a sense of helplessness biting deeper and deeper inside him. "I been up and down this county and the next looking for work, but there ain't nothin'," he says, sitting on the trailer steps and glumly watching chickens and dogs scratch around the bare earth beneath the trees. "If it hadn't been for my wife workin', we'd have been on welfare by now, even though it's draggin' her down too. I could be gettin' some kind of benefits. But I don't want nothin' that don't belong to me."

Wade grits his teeth and exhales an acrid stream of smoke from his cigarette. "The old people up here say it's worse right now than it's ever been since the Depression," he continues. "And this is a depression for us—that's all it is!"

In recent months the people of Hancock County—like those in many similarly affected areas—have turned increasingly toward religion to find relief from their suffering. Most of them, however, are very clear about one thing: They don't expect any real help to come from the government or any other source. A lot of them are not merely an-







gry; they are frightened about what may lie ahead.

Is there any future for Appalachia? Many experts are not optimistic. If some means isn't found of attracting industry, building self-sufficient communities, reclaiming the lost land and convincing people that there is hope, they say there could eventually be a mass exodus that would leave the area a barren and deserted wasteland.

"Historically, neither the corporations nor the government has had much to be proud of in Appalachia," author Harry Caudill observes. "They've treated it as if it were a colony. When they finish taking whatever they want from it, they'll let it just go to hell."


Robert Cornett, former head of the Appalachian Development Center at Kentucky's Morehead State University, is not quite so fatalistic. Still, he cautions that time is of the essence. "The psychological D day is in the next ten to 15 years," Cornett predicts. "That's all the time we have to convince people that there is a future here. When the coal is gone, people will *have* to leave."

Meanwhile, the federal government continues to reduce its involvement, even in areas where real progress has been made. The Appalachian Regional Commission (ARC), which has com-

pleted more than half of an extensive highway project, has had its current budget cut in half. And the Reagan Administration has proposed that the commission be phased out completely.

"What this means," explains ARC spokesman Richard Hausler, "is that 80 of the 397 counties in Appalachia that don't have basic health care—clinics or doctors—will continue to go without them. There are still 67 counties that lack even the basic sewer and water facilities, which are necessary if industries are going to move in."

In desperation the younger, more-resourceful members of these communities are leaving in droves. Many more stay, hoping against hope for a better future. They grumble about the systematic rape of the land by such greedy companies as Occidental Petroleum, Ashland Oil and notably the Norfolk & Western Railroad—which controls mineral rights to 129,000 acres stolen from residents for mere pennies.

It would, perhaps, be the ultimate dishonor and admission of failure for a nation like ours to sacrifice such a large part of itself to the winds of fate—a part from which it has taken so much over the years and given back so little. More-strenuous commitments must be made soon. Time is running out for troubled Appalachia. 

## STEINBRENNER

(continued from page 108)

generous man," notes *New York Times* reporter Tony Kornheiser. "He has, in fact, done more things, spent more money, given more time to youth sports projects in New York City than any other sports executive in this city."


But George's abrasiveness and constant grandstanding have drawn far-greater attention.

Despite the mixed reaction to Steinbrenner, there's no doubt that he's unique in the baseball world. "Other owners have made the bulk of their real money somewhere else, and they're in the game because they like the attention," says Maury Allen, a *New York Post* sports columnist who's been watching George since 1973. "But Steinbrenner has been able to cultivate it. He's the most visible executive in sports, and he's probably one of the five most recognizable New Yorkers. Had George not gone into baseball, his press file would probably amount to three clippings from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*."

Allen pauses a moment, smiles and offers to illustrate just how big a celebrity Steinbrenner has become. "Let me tell you a story," he says. "During the 1981 baseball strike, Gabe Paul, the president of the Cleveland Indians, came into town to attend the negotiations. He went to Citicorp Center, where the meetings were being held, and was suddenly surrounded by about 200 members of the media. It was a hot, muggy summer day in New York. Gabe's an old man, 71 or 72, and there he was, with reporters and sportscasters and hot TV lights pressing around him.

"Realizing that the scene could have some consequences for Gabe's health, one writer turned around, pointed in the opposite direction from Gabe and screamed, 'Steinbrenner!' And just like that, *everybody* left."

Would the press have run like lemmings for any other baseball owner—say, the Dodger's Peter O'Malley or the Brewers' Bud Selig? No way. *Would they have run for Henry G. Steinbrenner?* Get serious.

Maybe George Steinbrenner's antics deserve their many detractors. On the other hand, perhaps his high visibility is preferable to the faceless businessmen who usually run professional sports teams. In any event, he's perfect for the Big Apple—a place that thrives on hostility. At a time when jobs are scarce and millions of New Yorkers are finding it difficult to make ends meet, Steinbrenner—like sportscaster Howard Cosell—fulfills an important symbolic need: He's someone everyone loves to hate. 

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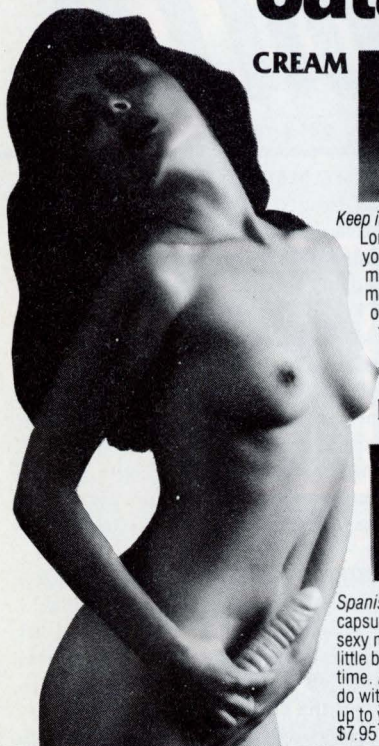
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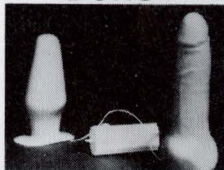
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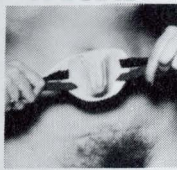
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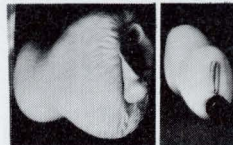
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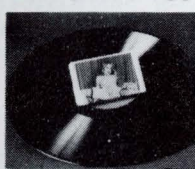
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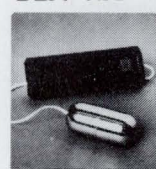
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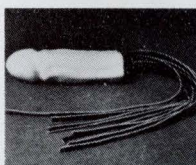
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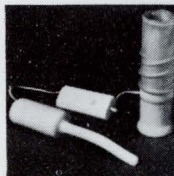
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**EXCLUSIVE EXPOSÉ**—The murders of more than two dozen young blacks in Atlanta during 1980 and 1981 shocked the entire country, and the public was assured that everything possible was being done to solve them. But Chet Dettlinger and Jeff Prugh reveal that the multi-million-dollar investigation that purportedly solved the crimes was a bungled travesty of justice, and it may have led to the arrest—and conviction—of the wrong man.

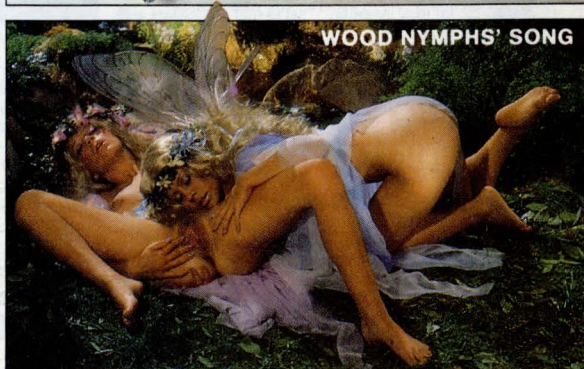
**SEX WITH THE DEAD**—Karen Greenlee seemed like a normal woman to the people she knew and worked with in Sacramento, California. But Karen had a dark secret that would finally be her undoing—she had sex with the embalmed male corpses in the mortuary where she worked. Lee Quarnstrom's profile of this tortured woman examines the motives behind one of the most perverse sexual acts of all—necrophilia.

**COPING WITH "THE CURSE"**—Most people know that premenstrual tension leads to depression and cramps. But in extreme cases the stress of a woman's period has led to suicide attempts and even murders. Francesca Porter's *Sex Play* explains that many doctors now consider premenstrual syndrome to be a legitimate physical disease, and shows ways to make "that time of the month" easier for a woman and her lover.



SHANA

**PLUS**—In Rod Thorp's April fiction a journalist who investigates a murder involving a bizarre sex triangle ends up finding out more than he bargained for. **ADVISE & CONSENT** answers all your questions about bedroom fun, and **KINKY KORN** offers a titillating look into another reader's sex life. **BEAVER HUNT** is a treasure trove of homegrown beauty, and **HUSTLER HUMOR** and **BITS & PIECES** will leave you laughing.



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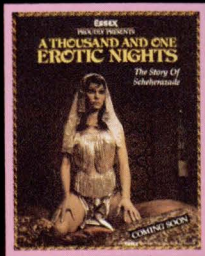
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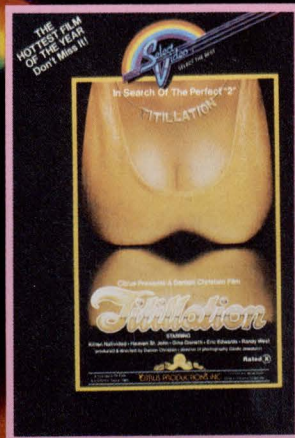


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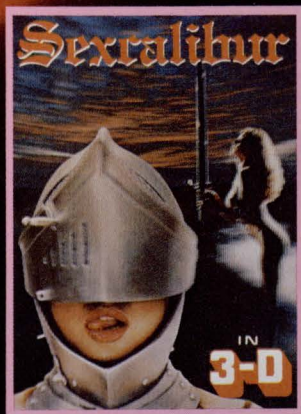
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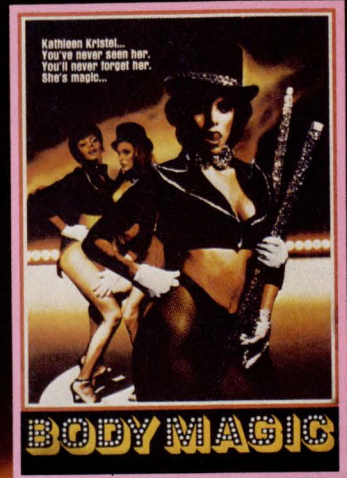
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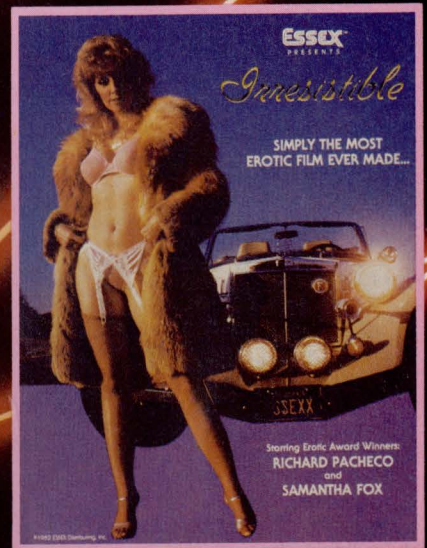
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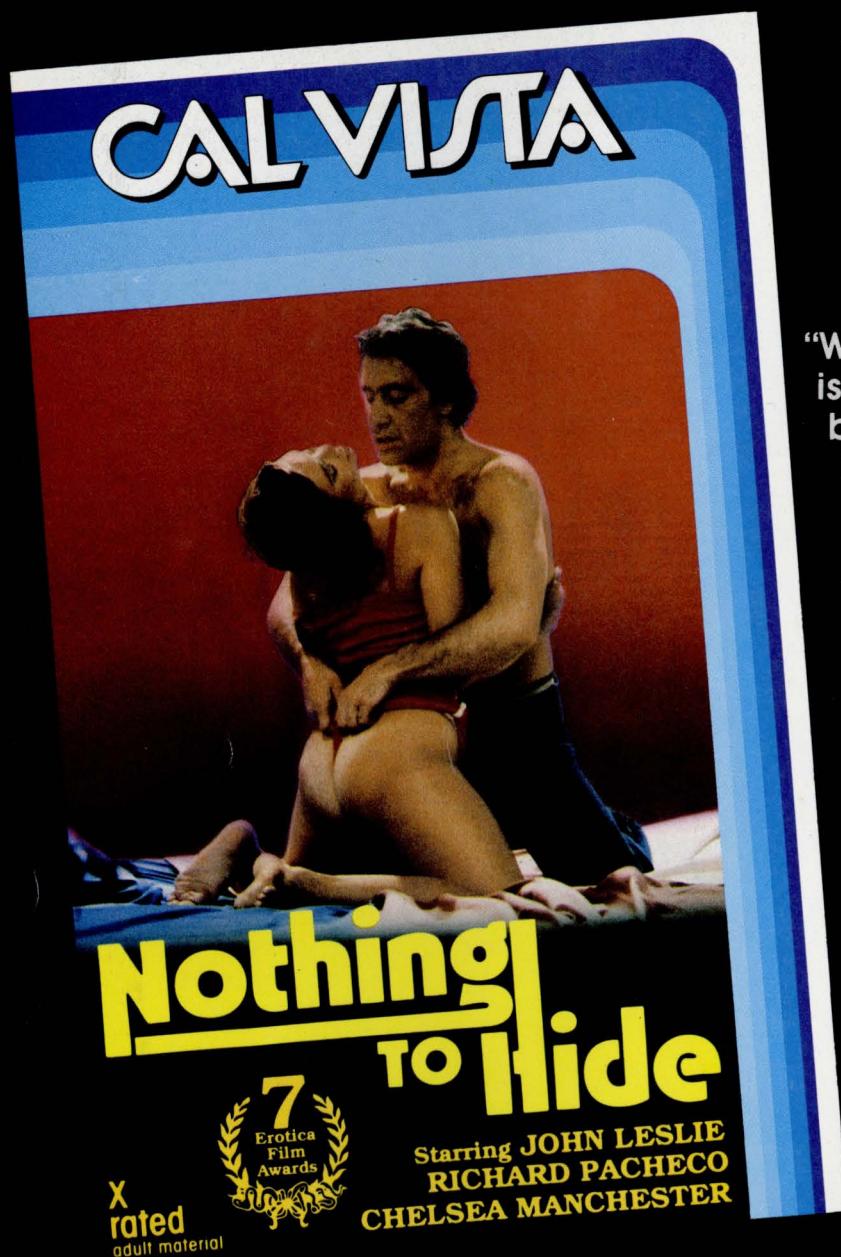
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